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Poet Lore Plays

The Death of the Duc d'Enghien

LEON HENNIQUE

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THE DEATH OF THE DUC D'ENGHien*

A drama in Three Scenes

BY LEON HENNIQUE

Translated from the French by F. Cridland Evans

CHARACTERS

THE DUC D'ENGHien.

GENERAL HULLIN.

GENERAL ORDENER.

GENERAL LEVAL.

GENERAL FRIRION.

LIEUTENANT NOIROT, of the light-gendarmerie.

MAJOR DAUTENCOURT, the same.

BARON DE GRUNSTEIN.

MARQUIS DE THUMERY.

LIEUTENANT SCHMITT.

COMMANDER CHARLOT, of the national gendarmerie.

ABBÉ WEINBORN.

SIMON, the duc's valet-de-chambre.

PIERRE, servant of the Duc.

COMMANDANT HAREL, commander of the Chateau de Vincennes.

COLONEL GUITTON, of the 1st regiment of Cuirassiers.

CAPTAIN MOLIN.

THE BURGOMASTER OF ETTENHEIM.

A LIEUTENANT OF INFANTRY.

A CORPORAL OF INFANTRY.

A PRIVATE.

THE PRINCESSE DE ROHAN-ROCHEFORT.

MADAME HAREL.

COLONEL-JUDGES, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS.

The action takes place in 1804.

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SCENE I

At Strasburg. The headquarters of GENERAL LEVAL, commander of the division. Door in the center, window to the right, fireplace to the left. On the wall a tapestry of wide strips of faded yellow. Not far from the fireplace a table, on which are papers, books, and several registers. An argand light illuminates the table. Here and there chairs of dissimilar patterns. Nothing on the mantel. The only thing on the wall is an engraved and colored portrait; it is of the First Consul.

GENERAL LEVAL and GENERAL FRIRION are discovered. LEVAL, in uniform, is sitting down, his feet toward the fire, a newspaper on his knees, his back toward the table. FRIRION, also in uniform, a candlestick in his hand, is standing beneath the portrait.

Fririon.— It certainly looks like him. It certainly would be recognized.
Only — Oh, you could say it better than I could.

Leval.— Only what?

Fririon.— Only I don't see the haughty countenance, the domineering look, the characteristic curl of the lip, nor the unforgettable aspect of his whole person. And then, the First Consul is no longer slender. And he never had that meek expression in all his life. (*Placing the candle on the mantel.*) Have you ever seen him?

Leval.— Yes, once, for a moment, at St. Cloud, some years ago.

Fririon.— Oh, I see. If it was some years ago, I am not surprised.

Leval.— And what do you think! He was talking with Moreau.

Fririon.— With Moreau?

Leval.— Yes.

Fririon.— They weren't as yet jealous, then?

Leval.— Evidently not.

Fririon (sitting).— Poor Moreau. (*A short pause.*) There is a fellow who can boast of stupidly throwing away his character as an honest man!

Leval.— It really was hardly worth while to beat the Austrians at Hochstet and Hohenlinden in order to sink down to-day in a conspiracy of emigrees, in company with a Cahoudal!

Fririon (with a sweeping gesture of discouragement). He was ambitious or jealous, whichever you like. They've locked him up in the Temple?

Leval.— Yes, in the Temple.

Fririon.— And Pichegru?

Leval.— In the Temple.

Fririon.— A nice end for the conqueror of Holland! Isn't it, Leval?

Leval (bitterly).— Yes, yes, a very nice end. A superb end. (*He takes*

up the paper that is on his knees, glances at it, and then throws it on the table, without having read anything. A silence, during which the rain is heard without.)

Fririon.—How it rains in this damned Strasburg!

Leval (getting up and beginning to pace the room).—The gales of Ventose. (*Another silence.*)

Fririon.—Say, Leval, they must have been wading in mud for a fortnight in the camp at Boulogne!

Leval.—At the camp at Boulogne and some other places on the roads. The devil take me if the envoy we are waiting for can get here to-night. What time is it?

Fririon.—One hour before morning, I imagine.

Leval (stopping to consult his watch).—That's right. An hour, only an hour. (*He resumes his march. A silence.*)

Fririon (getting up in his turn).—There's nothing that makes me so impatient as waiting for some one who doesn't turn up.

Leval.—Why?

Fririon.—What, doesn't it seem strange to you to be summoned by a secret order from the ministry and to wait here all expectation without knowing what they want with you?

Leval.—No.

Fririon.—You're lucky.

Leval.—Do you want the paper? (*He picks it up and hands it to FRIRION.*)

Fririon (taking it and placing himself under the light).—Any new details about the conspiracy?

Leval (sitting at the table and opening a register).—Yes, on the first page. (*A silence.*)

Fririon.—Here! Cahoudal and his accomplices were going to attack the First Consul's coach on the road to Malmaison.

Leval (without raising his eyes from the register).—The place wasn't badly chosen, it seems to me.

Fririon.—No, it wasn't bad.

Leval (his eyes still on the register).—Have they learned why Captain Bernard blew his brains out?

Fririon.—For some woman. Well, well, I see here that a prince of the blood intended to be present at the attack.

Leval.—At what attack?

Fririon.—At the attack on the First Consul.

Leval.—Pardon, I wasn't thinking. Yes, that's so. A prince —

Fririon.— Do they know which?

Leval.— No, not yet. You saw that Cahoudal had sixty thousand francs on him when he was arrested?

Fririon.— England is always doing things like that. But, Leval, don't you think it would have been the funniest thing in the whole affair if the conspirators had let themselves be beaten off by the consul's guard?

Leval.— Unfortunately, when a dozen horsemen are attacked by a hundred determined ruffians, they aren't in much of a position to hold their own; at least in my opinion.

Fririon.— A hundred! Would there have been a hundred?

Leval.— Not one less.

Fririon.— Oh, why then the First Consul made a blamed lucky escape.

Leval (looking again at the register).— A mighty lucky escape.

Fririon.— But to tell the truth, the thing I can't understand is what idea this band of Chouans had in wanting to assassinate him. For, on the whole, with Bonaparte dead, the republic would be none the less in force.

Leval.— Who knows, my boy? Now, imagine. France and all Europe watching. If just at this time the First Consul — But hush!

Fririon.— Why, what is it?

Leval (listening).— I think a carriage is stopping out there at our door.
(Both listen.)

(Enter a soldier.)

Soldier (announcing).— Citizen-General Ordener.

(Enter ORDENER in civilian dress: long chestnut-colored coat, chestnut-colored trousers, Souvaroff boots, high hat. LEVAL advances some steps toward ORDENER. The soldier disappears. All salute.)

Ordener.— Please excuse me for appearing before you like this, citizens, but I have just come from Paris, by vile roads, with orders that I have to follow out at once. (To LEVAL.) You are General Leval, are you not, Commander of the Strasburg Division?

Leval.— I am General Leval, and here is General Fririon. Please sit down and warm yourself, citizen. We wait your pleasure. (ORDENER lays his mantle on a chair.)

Ordener.— No one must hear the conversation we are going to have. Please dismiss the soldier who announced me.

Leval (opening the door and addressing the soldier).— I won't need you any longer; return to the barracks. (Sound of departing steps; LEVAL closes the door.)

Ordener (sitting).— Now this is what I have to say to you. (LEVAL and FRIRION sit. To LEVAL.) You are to take to Schelestadt three hundred

men of the twenty-sixth dragoons. They must be at Rheinau at eight in the evening.

Leval.—Very well, citizen-general.

Ordener.—You will also send to Rheinau fifteen lightermen, who will arrive at the same time, eight o'clock in the evening. In order to do this they will leave by the post or on horses of the light artillery.

Leval.—Good.

Ordener.—These troops will be supplied with cartridges and they will be given bread for four days.

Leval.—Good.

Ordener.—You will join to the detachments I have mentioned, four companies of gendarmes with a lieutenant and a captain. (*Gesture of assent from LEVAL.*)

Fririon.—Pardon, citizen-general, but —. May we know —

Ordener (interrupting him).—I am about to inform you. The object of the expedition is to surround the city of Ettenheim and to arrest the Duc d'Enghien.

Leval.—What, on neutral territory! Under the nose of the Grand Duke of Baden!

Ordener.—On neutral territory.

Fririon.—The devil!

Ordener.—It is the orders of the First Consul. General Caulaincourt, who will arrive to-morrow morning, will go on his part with two hundred men to Offembourg, where he will arrest several agents of the English government.

Fririon.—Why, was the Duc d'Enghien the prince who was mixed up with the attempt to assassinate the First Consul?

Ordener.—I do not know, citizen-general. But so it is rumored.

Leval.—Are these all the orders you have to give me?

Ordener.—No, citizen. When General Caulaincourt and I have gone, you will send three hundred cavalry and four pieces of artillery to Kehl, then you will dispatch a cavalry post to Wildstadt. You never know what will happen.

Leval.—Good.

Ordener.—At Neuf-Brisach you will also have to transfer a hundred men to the right bank of the Rhine, a hundred men and two pieces of cannon. The troops are to exact nothing from the people.

Leval.—But the money, citizen-general. The money necessary for the cost of the expedition, where shall I ask for it?

Ordener.—Ask me. I have all that is necessary in my carriage. General Fririon will accompany me to Ettenheim. (*A short silence.*)

Leval.— Is this all, citizen?

Ordener.— This is all. I will remain no longer except to hand you the despatches that I am carrying. (*Opening his coat and taking out papers.*) There they are, citizen-general; they will verify what I have said.

Leval (taking the papers).— Thank you. (*He opens them and begins to read. The rain is still heard without.*)

SCENE II

The dining-room of the Duc d'Enghien at Ettenheim. Two doors left, fireplace right. Some weapons of the chase on brackets above the fireplace. At the back two high windows, through which can be distinguished the leafless trees of a little park. They are beginning to appear against the first whiteness of a morning sky. In the center of the room is a table set for breakfast. The furniture is very simple. The day brightens a little. Pierre is setting the table. Enter Simon quickly.

Simon.— Well, Pierre, are we ready? What! Six o'clock struck and you haven't finished setting the table?

Pierre.— No, Master Simon, not yet. But in a moment.

Simon.— You know, don't you, that when monseigneur goes hunting, he likes to breakfast at once?

Pierre.— Yes, but —

Simon.— Come, come, my man. You really must be a little more lively.

Pierre.— I am lively. It isn't liveliness that I'm in need of.

Simon.— Go along. Hurry.

Pierre.— See here, Master Simon, what is the matter with you this morning? Has monseigneur got up? Has monseigneur no more need of your services that you drop on me like a cannon ball?

Simon.— Monseigneur is up, shaved and dressed.

Pierre.— In that case, I am ready. Everything will be ready in five minutes. (*Counting the places.*) One, two, three, four, and Lieutenant Schmitt makes five. There, you see. The plates are ready. (*Walking around the table and placing knives and forks.*) Now tell me —

Simon.— What?

Pierre.— Is monseigneur going hunting in the Black Forest?

Simon.— Yes.

Pierre.— Alone?

Simon.— No, with M. le Baron de Grunstein.

Pierre.— Do you know when they are coming back?

Simon.— Why, probably in a week, as they usually do. What do you want to know for?

Pierre.— Because I know some one who will be nicely bored waiting for him.

Simon (mocking him).— Ah, you know some one ——

Pierre.— Yes. A lady.

Simon (still mocking him).— Well, well!

Pierre.— Madame la Princesse de Rohan.

Simon (changing his tone).— Well, what is that to you?

Pierre.— Nothing; but if I were Mgr. le Duc d'Enghien, it would be quite another matter. I wouldn't go hunting! I wouldn't leave Madame la Princesse in this way for eight days. She is too pretty.

Simon.— You wouldn't!

Pierre.— No.

Simon.— Really?

Pierre.— As sure as I am saying it to you.

Simon (reassuming his mocking tone).— What an honor for Madame la Princesse!

Pierre.— This isn't any great honor, I know. But for the daughter of a cardinal ——

Simon.— Hein? What's that you're saying?

Pierre.— Why, don't you know?

Simon (coldly).— No.

Pierre.— Why, it's all over the country side, Master Simon. And lots more along with it.

Simon.— What?

Pierre.— You know as well as I do.

Simon.— I swear ——

Pierre.— Come now!

Simon.— Oh, chut. You are an ass, Pierre. When I say I don't know, I don't. Why should I lie to you? (*A short silence.*)

Pierre.— Well, people say that Madame la Princesse and monseigneur are married. And they don't want any one to know about it.

Simon.— Why?

Pierre.— Oh, Lord!

Simon.— Why shouldn't they want it known?

Pierre.— Why — very likely on account of what I just now told you.

Simon.— That Madame de Rohan is a cardinal's daughter?

Pierre.— Yes. It seems that the father and grandfather of monseigneur wouldn't be overjoyed to learn —— (*With a gesture to SIMON.*) Listen,

why you can easily see, Master Simon. And faith, why even I — Look what I am, only a servant — but if I had a son —

Simon.— Do you want me to give you a piece of advice, Pierre?

Pierre.— Go ahead.

Simon.— First, do you want to remain here?

Pierre (the napkins in his hand).— I certainly do, as I am a true royalist — and because I love monseigneur.

Simon.— Good. Then hereafter don't meddle with what doesn't concern you. Understand? (*A short silence.*)

Pierre (placing the last napkin on a plate).— The table is ready, Master Simon.

(Enter the PRINCESS DE ROHAN. *The two servants turn around quickly.*)

The Princesse.— It is I, Simon. Good morning!

Simon.— Madame la Princesse —

The Princesse.— Has his highness appeared?

Simon.— Not yet, Madame la Princesse; but his highness ought to be nearly ready to leave his room.

The Princesse.— Please go and tell him that I am here and that I desire to wish him a safe journey. It isn't seven yet?

Simon.— It has hardly struck six. Does Madame la Princesse wish me to take her cloak?

The Princesse.— Yes. (*Removing her mantle.*) There, thank you. Place it on a chair.

Simon.— Ah, here is monseigneur himself.

(Enter the DUC D'ENGHEIN. *He is in hunting costume.*)

The Duc (as he enters, in a low voice to SIMON).— Who is there?

Simon (also in a low voice).— Madame la Princesse de Rohan. (*The DUC advances quickly, while SIMON disappears.*)

The Duc.— You, princesse!

The Princesse.— Aren't you going away for some days?

The Duc (kissing her hand).— It is just like you to go to all this trouble. No one is more kind or charming.

The Princesse.— You are pleased with me?

The Duc.— Am I pleased with you? Will you take breakfast with me? Please do.

The Princesse.— Why —

The Duc.— What is it?

The Princesse.— Why, I'm not hungry at this hour.

The Duc.— Well, princesse, you will watch us. Won't you get an appetite by seeing others eat?

The Princesse (*smiling*).— So it's said. Do you think so ?

The Duc (*also smiling*).— I am sure of it.

The Princesse.— In that case, I accept your invitation.

The Duc (*to PIERRE*).— You have heard ?

Pierre.— Yes, monseigneur.

The Duc.— Bestir yourself to serve us as soon as possible. Has no one else come down yet ?

Pierre.— I have seen only M. le Baron de Grunstein, monseigneur.

The Duc.— All right. You may go, my good Pierre. (*Exit PIERRE*.)

The Duc.— Will you let me embrace you now,— and tell you how much I love you ?

The Princesse (*in his arms*).— I also, I love you, my Henri.

The Duc.— I longed to take you in my arms just now, when I came in. But it seems as though we were fated, there is always some one to restrain us. We would be so happy now, if we could live with a little more comfort and do as we please.

The Princesse.— Yes.

The Duc.— And indeed, peace, our peace, will be well deserved, if it ever decides to come to us, some day or other. You know I have little enough of it when I have to wait until the servants go out of the room before I can embrace my wife. And, my faith, now that I soon have to go to London —

The Princesse.— You are going to leave me again ?

The Duc.— I so want to tell my grandfather everything.

The Princesse.— The Prince de Condé !

The Duc.— Yes, to him first. Because if he accepts our marriage, my father would certainly have to act with bad grace not to accept it also. (*A silence.*) Well ? (*Another silence.*) You do not seem satisfied.

The Princesse.— Yes, I am satisfied, I am very well satisfied; your intention is so generous. But —

The Duc.— But what ?

The Princesse.— I fear you will only draw on yourself a multitude of vexations.

The Duc.— A multitude, a multitude——

The Princesse.— And one will be that you very soon regret this step.

The Duc.— Why ?

The Princesse.— Why ? Because — without a doubt, it will be the cause of a rupture between yourself and your family. (*A gesture from the duc.*) Your lineage is so pure.

The Duc.— Nonsense !

The Princesse.— Oh, no, Henri. Only think, and you will see that it is better to continue living as we have lived up to to-day. It is sometimes disagreeable. But what can you expect?

The Duc.— Why, you admit yourself that it is sometimes disagreeable, and you don't want me to try —

The Princesse.— The remedy will be worse than the disease. And then —

The Duc.— What?

The Princesse.— And then — notwithstanding the secrecy of our marriage, are you certain that your father and grandfather have not already learned of it?

The Duc.— It may be. But, if so, why haven't I received some sign of disapproval?

The Princesse.— Because in their affection for you, they are perhaps pretending to know nothing. Who knows? Whatever they may have in their minds, they are perhaps waiting to say to you face to face.

The Duc.— It is very unlikely! Now —

The Princesse.— I may be wrong; but for a long time I have imagined that the Abbé Weinborn, who married us —

The Duc.— Weinborn?

The Princesse.— It is so easy to be deceived in thinking everything all right.

The Duc.— I am as sure of Weinborn as of myself.

The Princesse.— Are you as sure of the witnesses who assisted us?

The Duc.— Of Grunstein? Of Thumery? They are gentlemen, my friends and my guests. Why should they betray me? But what does it matter? Moreover, I like to act straightforwardly. People will finally conclude that I am ashamed of you. Besides, it is not honorable to take a wife and then not acknowledge her. I shall tell my grandfather everything.

The Princesse.— Take care!

The Duc.— I love you and I wish to prove my affection to you. I have delayed too long already.

The Princesse.— Once more I say, take care!

The Duc.— What will come, let it come.

The Princesse.— You mustn't say that, it's not right, Henri. Oh, it isn't at all right. Moreover, there may perhaps be a way, not of arranging matters, but of making them more endurable. It might be this way. If your grandfather cannot be made to think kindly of our marriage, we could promise him never to publish it. For you see, Henri, it is his pride

which must not be wounded, above all his pride. You love me, don't you ? You have shut your eyes to the disproportion of our marriage. He, who does not know me, and who consequently will not see in me —

The Duc.— Nonsense!

The Princesse.— You are right. But believe me all the same. Take care not to ruin everything. This would be doubly unfortunate, because of these evil times, when the family of France has already been so afflicted. Promise me to do nothing without the greatest caution.

The Duc.— I will promise everything you wish.

The Princesse.— Then I, in my turn, am satisfied. Kiss me.

(Enter BARON DE GRUNSTEIN, in hunting costume, and the ABBÉ WEINBORN. *They bow profoundly before the duke and the princesse.*)

The Duc (as they enter, without changing his place).— Good morning, abbé. Good morning, my dear Grunstein. Have you slept well ?

Grunstein.— Splendidly, monseigneur.

The Duc.— As for myself, I dreamed that we were once more fighting the Republicans and I heard the rattle of musketry all night.

Grunstein.— God grant, monseigneur, that your dream may soon come true !

The Duc.— I wish the same as you, Grunstein. (*They continue their conversation in a low voice.*)

Weinborn (who has approached the *princesse*).— Monseigneur then is going away again for a few days ?

The Princesse.— Yes, again, M. l'Abbé. But you know that I play chess, and that I am very fond of listening to you read aloud.

Weinborn.— I shall be at your orders, madame.

(Enter the MARQUIS DE THUMERY, LIEUTENANT SCHMIDT, and in a few moments PIERRE, who begins to serve breakfast.)

The Duc.— You are welcome, gentlemen. (*To THUMERY.*) Well, Marquis, have you an appetite ?

Thumery.— As if I were twenty, monseigneur. A fine day for hunting, isn't it ?

The Duc.— For hunting or for war, marquis; unfortunately—

Schmitt (to the *princesse*).— I did not expect the honor of seeing Madame la Princesse this morning.

The Princesse.— What time did you arrive yesterday ?

Schmitt.— At midnight, Madame la Princesse. It is for that reason that I have not been able to offer my respects to you.

The Duc.— Well, Schmitt, what news do you bring from London ? Have you seen the Comte d'Artois ?

Schmitt.—Yes, monseigneur, I have seen monsieur, and also his highness, the Duc de Berry; both of them appeared to me out of spirits, they couldn't be more out of spirits. La Vendee has not kept its promises.

The Duc.—Aren't the English at least disposed to push the war with vigor?

Schmitt.—Yes, monseigneur. The channel and the North Sea are already full of vessels. All the French ports are blockaded from the Escaut to the Somme.

Thumery.—But if Monsieur Bonaparte sends out his flotilla from Boulogne, what then?

Schmitt.—London is not worried. There are more than twenty thousand volunteers under arms.

The Duc (*to whom PIERRE has spoken in an undertone*).—Let us sit down, gentlemen. We will continue our conversation as we eat. (*He conducts the PRINCESS to the place of honor. To THUMERY.*) Marquis, will you sit at the left of Madame de Rohan? You, abbé, in front. Grunstein by me and Schmitt by Thumery. (*All remain standing.*)

Weinborn (*making the sign of the cross.*) —*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiriti Sancti.*

All.—Amen.

Weinborn.—*Benedicite.*

All.—*Dominus.*

Weinborn.—*Benedic, Domine, nos et haec tua dona quæ se tua largitate sumus sumpturi. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.*

All.—Amen. (*They sit. There is a short silence during which each one unfolds his napkin. PIERRE commences to serve.*)

The Princesse.—You say, M. Schmitt, that London is not worried, that they have more than twenty thousand volunteers under arms?

Schmitt.—Yes, Madame la Princesse. I heard it from the prime minister himself, M. Addington, at the house of his highness, the Comte d'Artois.

The Duc.—But to rise this way *en masse*, England must be frightened. She takes these Boulogne preparations seriously?

Schmitt.—Without a doubt, monseigneur. More than this, the army at Boulogne practises seacraft every day, so that it will take only a single night with a stiff breeze to cross to Dover. And it appears that in an engagement they had before Wimereux, the French gunboats behaved themselves brilliantly.

Grunstein.—The devil! Can it be that this bandit Bonaparte will reach England?

The Duc.—Grunstein, I am positive that he will. He has such genius and such good luck. He is a great man.

Thumery (protesting).—Oh, oh, monseigneur. How can you say that?

The Duc.—I detest him, but believe me, Thumery, he is a great man. You will see him humiliate England. You will see.

Thumery.—Heaven preserve us from such a calamity, monseigneur, for our affairs are going very badly just now in Paris. There is Georges arrested, poor Georges, so brave, so devoted to his cause. M. de Polignac and De Riviere have also been arrested.

The Duc.—And Pichegru. And Moreau.

Grunstein (contemptuously).—Oh, those —

Weinborn.—The fact is —

The Duc.—Ah. So, gentlemen, there is some truth in this conspiracy of Georges, about which the newspapers have been raising such a clamor? The more I think about it, the less I can understand it. Can it be possible that Georges went to Paris intending to kill Bonaparte?

Schmitt.—That is undoubtedly the case, monseigneur.

The Duc.—Then so much the worse. Faith, so much the worse!

Thumery.—Why, monseigneur?

The Duc.—Because Georges turned into an assassin has spoiled for me the Georges whom I admire, the patriot Georges.

Grunstein.—But, monseigneur, Georges is not an assassin, since Bonaparte would have been able to defend himself; they would have attacked him only when surrounded by his guards.

The Duc.—Come, Grunstein, you know very well that Georges would have put more trumps in his own hand than in his adversary's, and that consequently —

Grunstein.—But, monseigneur —

The Duc.—Look here! You do not pretend that Georges suddenly falling by surprise on the consul's guard would be acting as honorably as the Archduke Charles fighting General Bonaparte at Tagliamento?

Thumery.—Undoubtedly not, monseigneur; but is it necessary to be very particular with the revolution?

Grunstein.—Haven't they guillotined his majesty Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette? Haven't they driven the poor little King Louis XVII to death under a cobbler's blows?

Thumery.—Is there a noble family in France that isn't entitled to wear mourning?

The Duc.—Ah, Thumery, if the revolution, this abominable revolution that we all hate so, if it were a hundred times worse, is that any reason for acting in the same way? Are not murder and infamy irrevocably called murder and infamy? For my part, I loathe people whose methods are

wanting in straightforward courage, just as much as my preferences carry me toward those who like yourselves are resolved to sustain their rights on the field of battle. (*Turning quickly to WEINBORN.*) Am I not right, abbé?

Weinborn.— Yes, monseigneur, you are right, absolutely right.

The Princesse.— Nevertheless, even with people of the highest virtue, it is sometimes impossible not to render evil for evil in the face of certain crimes.

Thumery.— Well said, madame.

The Duc.— And see here, Schmitt, is it also true that Georges would not agree to come to France without the express condition of having near him a prince of the blood at the time of the outrage? Have you heard anything about that?

Schmitt.— I have so heard it said — yes, monseigneur.

The Duc.— And do you know who this prince was to be?

Schmitt.— His highness the Duc de Berry.

The Duc.— The Duc de Berry! Had he the king's approval?

Schmitt.— No, monseigneur.

The Duc.— Pardieu!

Schmitt.— But I have also heard this, monseigneur: that Georges, at the moment of departure, did not insist on this condition.

The Duc (rising).— If it is agreeable to you, gentlemen, we will now, as we do every day, drink the health of King Louis XVIII, who is at this time at Warsaw, far from his people and his own.

All.— To the king! (*They touch glasses.*)

(Enter SIMON, running in pale and frightened.)

Simon.— Monseigneur! The French, the French!

The Duc.— What is this! The French!

Thumery.— The French!

Simon (to the Duc).— Yes, monseigneur. The French. They are climbing over the wall, out there. Save yourself. (*Going to the window.*) Come here! Look! They are now in the park.

The Princesse (passionately).— Save yourself! Oh, save yourself, Henri!

Grunstein.— I'll run and shut up the house. (*He goes out, but returns almost immediately.*)

The Princesse.— Mon dieu, mon dieu!

Schmitt.— Fly, monseigneur, be quick — by the little door, in the back of the house.

The Duc.— Look here, my friends, look here. You haven't reflected. It isn't possible. We are not in France. And, moreover, why should they come to arrest me?

Thumery (near the window).— There are already half a score of soldiers in the park! Now they're scaling the wall!

Simon (to the Duc).— They are the French — I swear they are the French. I certainly know their uniforms well. Save yourself, monseigneur. You have no time to lose. (*Trumpet calls are heard from all sides of the duc's mansion.*)

Grunstein (in despair).— We are trapped. (*Some persons without begin to fasten the doors.*)

A Voice.— They are shutting the doors, citizen-commandant. They must be barricading them.

Another Voice.— Damnation!

First Voice.— Wait, I'll have it open in a couple of kicks. (*Some kicks on a door, which the people inside are trying to fasten.*)

The Duc (after having opened a window).— Here, what is the meaning of this? Are you mad? What do you want?

Voice of Commandant Charlot.— Open.

The Duc.— Why?

Voice of Commandant Charlot.— Open, I tell you.

The Duc.— Not without knowing.

Voice of Charlot.— Open, or I'll force the doors.

The Duc.— Indeed! Try it then. (*He leaps for a musket and loads it.*)

Grunstein (seizing the musket by the barrel).— Pardon, monseigneur, but have you any compromising papers here?

The Duc.— How should I know? (*The noise of doors being fastened continues.*)

Grunstein.— Well, leave your musket there. All resistance is useless See, the garden is full of soldiers. If you fire, they will reply and Madame la Princesse —

The Princesse.— Fear nothing for me; fire, fire, Henri.

The Duc (laying down his weapon).— You are right, Grunstein. I do want to risk my own life, but mine alone. Go and open, Simon. And end all this tumult. (*To SIMON, who hesitates.*) Go, go at once.

(Enter COMMANDANT CHARLOT, gendarmes and dragoons.)

Charlot (pistol in hand).— Which of you was once called the Duc d'Enghien? (*To SCHMITT, who is in citizen's clothes.*) Is it you? (*SCHMITT does not answer.*)

The Duc (to CHARLOT).— What, you are sent to arrest the duc and you don't even know what he looks like?

Grunstein.— Besides, why did you come to arrest him?

Charlot.— Which of you was once called the Duc d'Enghien?

The Duc. — Find him!

(Enter ORDENER, FRIRION, a *petty officer*, other *officers* and *soldiers*.)

The hall is now filled with people.)

CHARLOT.— You do not wish to answer? Well, since I can't learn anything, I will arrest you all.

The Duc. — Arrest no one; I am the duc.

Fririon (*advancing*). — Then you are my prisoner.

The Duc. — In whose name, monsieur?

Fririon. — In the name of the First Consul.

The Duc. — Of what am I accused?

Ordener. — We know nothing about that, monsieur. That does not concern us. (*Addressing the petty officer.*) Pfersdorf!

Petty Officer. — Citizen-general?

Ordener. — Run immediately to the city hall and bring me the burgomaster. (*The petty officer goes out.*)

Ordener (*to the duc*). — That is to prove your identity.

The Duc (*disdainfully*). — Very well, monsieur, you can get as many proofs as you wish.

Grunstein (*approaching ORDENER*). — Aren't you General Ordener?

The Duc. — Yes, Grunstein, that is General Ordener.

Grunstein (*to ORDENER*). — Really, it seems to me that I recognize you.

Ordener. — Well?

Grunstein. — The devil take me if I thought you were capable of presiding over a treacherous ambush like this.

Ordener (*quickly*). — I am a soldier, monsieur, and my duty is to obey my superior officers.

Grunstein. — There are orders and duties which a man of honor cannot receive or follow out.

Ordener. — Be silent.

The Duc. — Say no more, my dear Grunstein; you will end by making him blush.

Grunstein. — I obey, monseigneur; but if we are permitted to meet again some day, in some other place —

Ordener. — Ah, parbleau! Whenever you wish, monsieur. Ex-general Dumouriez is not here?

Schmitt. — I had the pleasure of meeting him in London some three weeks ago.

Ordener. — What is your name?

Schmitt. — My name is Schmitt, ex-lieutenant of the ex-army of Condé, as you say.

Ordener.— Arrest him. (*Two gendarmes place themselves one on each side of SCHMITT.*)

Ordener (to CHARLOT, who has written the lieutenant's name in a notebook).— Arrest them all, now.

Charlot (his notebook in hand and preparing to write). Your name, monsieur?

Thumery.— Marquis de Thumery, formerly colonel of Berchini's Hussars, and after that, general in the army of Condé.

Charlot.— Monsieur, I arrest you. (*Two gendarmes place themselves by THUMERY. To GRUNSTEIN.*) Your name?

Grunstein.— Grunstein, Baron of Schwengsfeld, formerly major of the Royal Legion, formerly colonel of the army of Condé. (*At a gesture from CHARLOT, two gendarmes go to him.*)

Charlot (to WEINBORN).— Your name?

Weinborn (raising his eyes for a moment from the breviary which he has been reading.) Weinborn, sixty-six years old, grand vicar of the diocese of Strasburg. (*A silence.*)

The Princesse (going to CHARLOT, who seems to have forgotten her).— And I, monsieur, don't you want to arrest me? I am the Princesse —

The Duc (interrupting her and presenting her to THUMERY, GRUNSTEIN, and SCHMITT). Gentlemen, the Duchesse d'Enghien. (*The three royalists bow.*)

Ordener (to CHARLOT). Arrest only the men, citizen-commandant. (*CHARLOT silently arrests PIERRE and SIMON.*)

Ordener (to a lieutenant of gendarmes who approaches him).— Well, have you found any papers?

Lieutenant.— I have collected all I have been able to find, citizen-general.

Ordener.— Good. (*Speaking to the soldiers by the door.*) Has the burgomaster arrived?

Pfersdorf's voice.— Yes, citizen-general.

Ordener.— Bring him in.

(Enter the burgomaster.)

Ordener (to the burgomaster).— Please step this way, monsieur. I beg your pardon for putting you to this trouble, but it is necessary that you certify to the description that is about to be drawn up of this gentleman. He is really the Duc d'Enghien, is he not?

Burgomaster.— Monsieur is the Duc d'Enghien.

The Duc.— Delighted to see you, monsieur burgomaster. And, faith, since you are here, I beg you to kindly convey my respects to your master, the Grand Duke of Baden and inform him of the discourteous fashion in which I am arrested on his territory.

Ordener (to the Duc).— Don't bother about that, monsieur, the citizen First Consul has charge of that matter. (*To CHARLOT.*) Write the description of the prisoner; General Fririon will dictate it to you. (*CHARLOT seats himself at the table, where the prince and his friends had begun breakfast.*)

Fririon (his eyes fixed on the duc).— Hair and eyebrows, light auburn. Face: oval, long, well made. Eyes: gray, verging on brown. Mouth medium, nose aquiline, chin a little pointed. That is all.

The Duc (smiling).— I am afraid that you have somewhat flattered me, monsieur. (*A silence, during which the burgomaster certifies to the description.*)

Ordener (to FRIRION).— We have forgotten nothing?

Fririon.— Nothing that I can think of, citizen-general.

Ordener.— Then let us go. (*They prepare to leave.*)

The Duc (to the princesse, who since the arrival of the soldiers has clung to him).— Good by, duchesse. You will excuse me for leaving you in this way, won't you, duchesse? It is the fault of these gentlemen. (*She throws herself into his arms.*)

The Princesse.— Henri.

Ordener.— Let us go, monsieur; forward, forward!

The Duc (to the princesse who has loosened her embrace).— You will think of me?

The Princesse.— Every moment, Henri. (*She is very pale and can hardly stand.*)

The Duc (to CHARLOT, who comes along side of him).— A disagreeable adventure, monsieur — for you, as well as for me. Ah, well, where are you going to take me?

Charlot.— To Strasburg.

The Duc.— And then?

Charlot.— Monsieur, I do not know.

SCENE III

In the Chateau of Vincennes. A large delapidated hall; in some places the wall paper is torn off, in others it is moldy and spotted by the damp. At the back, before a large fireplace, a table, lighted by candles placed in iron lanterns. Door to the left, door to the right, flanked by a window. Somewhat apart from the rest, before an empty bench, a taboret or prisoner's stool.

At the rise of the curtain the following are discovered: GENERAL HULLIN, COLONEL GUITON, four other colonel-judges, MAJOR DAUTENCOURT, CAPTAIN MOLIN, light-gendarmes, soldiers of the garrison of Vincennes in undress

uniform waiting orders, civil and military employees of the citadel; some superior officers, of whom one is standing and warming his hands at the fire. The judges are in full dress uniform. GENERAL HULLIN is sitting at the center of the table, his back toward the fire; on each side of him the five colonel-judges, ranked according to seigniority of appointment. DAUTENCOURT is at the left end of the table, MOLIN at the right.

Hullin.— Please conclude the reading of the procès-verbal, citizen-major.

Dautencourt (*standing*). — On being asked if he knew General Pichegru and if he had not met him several times,

¶ He replied: I have, I believe, never seen him, but I know that he has desired to meet me. I am thankful not to have known him, after the vile means which it is said he wanted to make use of, if it is true.

¶ On being asked if he knew Ex-general Dumouriez, he replied: On the contrary, I have never seen him.

On being asked if he had since the peace ever held any correspondence with the interior of the Republic, he replied: I have written to a few friends who are still attached to me, who were my companions in war, about their affairs and my own. These correspondences are not, I think, those to which it is intended to refer.

All of which has been dated this date and signed by the Duc d'Enghien, by the cavalry commander Jacquin, Lieutenant Noirot, the gendarmes present, and by us, captain judge-advocate.

At the same time and after signing the said procès-verbal, the Duc d'Enghien has wished to add the following: I earnestly entreat a private audience with the First Consul. My name, my rank, my way of thinking, and the horror of my situation lead me to hope that he will not refuse me my request. (*A silence. DAUTENCOURT sits down. The judges consult together for a moment in low tones.*)

Colonel Guiton.— Let us have the statement of the charges.

Hullin (*passing him a paper*).— There is no statement of the charges, — but here is the notice from the consular government, which from various motives, which you are about to see, hands over to us the quondam Duc d'Enghien.

Colonel Guiton.— In that case, I beg the citizen-clerk of the court to communicate to me the statement of the defense.

Molin.— There is none, citizen-colonel.

Guitton.— What, there is nothing more? (*The judges look at each other in astonishment. A silence.*)

Hullin.— Very well. Let the witnesses be summoned. (*Another silence.*)

Molin.—There are no witnesses. (*The judges look at each other again.*)
Hullin.—Where is the prisoner's advocate? (*No one answers.*)

Hullin (coldly).—Go. Have the prisoner brought in. (*An officer goes out; he returns almost immediately with the Duc d'Enghien, followed by gendarmes. The duc is dressed in a blue frock coat, which is unbuttoned, a white cravat and light gray pantaloons. His boots are in the style known as à la Souvaroff, that is, not quite reaching to the knee and turned over at the top, and have spurs. On his head is a peaked cap trimmed with gold lace. On arriving at his taboret he removes his cap, seats himself and then examines everything with a calm air. The clock strikes two.*)

Hullin.—Be good enough to rise, monsieur. (*The duc gets up and folds his arms on his breast.*) What is your name?

The Duc.—Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien.

Hullin.—Your age?

The Duc.—Twenty-two years.

Hullin.—Where were you born?

The Duc.—At Chantilly.

Hullin.—About what time did you leave France?

The Duc.—I cannot say precisely, but I think it was the sixteenth of July, 1789. I went away with the Prince de Condé, my grandfather, with my father, with the Comte d'Artois, and the Comte d'Artois's children.

Hullin.—Where have you resided since your departure from France?

The Duc.—On leaving France I passed with my parents to Mons and Brussels, then we moved to Turin to the palace of the King of Sardinia, where we remained almost sixteen months. After that always with my parents, I went to Worms, and the neighborhood upon the banks of the Rhine. (*A short silence.*)

Hullin.—And then?

The Duc.—Then, when my grandfather, the Prince de Condé, went to England, I lived at Gratz for my own pleasure, until after having asked permission of Cardinal de Rohan to reside in his diocese, I established myself at Ettenheim in Brisgau. There I have lived the last two years and a half. It was there that I was arrested.

Hullin.—Have you ever borne arms against the Republic?

The Duc.—Yes, monsieur.

Hullin.—At what time?

The Duc.—I did so in the campaign of 1792 in Brabant with the Bourbon Corps in the army of Duke Albert; then when the Condé Corps was formed, I fought with the same in the war in which it was used against you.

Hullin.—When the Condé Corps, as you call it —

The Duc (interrupting him).—As it is called, monsieur.

Hullin.— Be it so. When the Condé Corps, I say, had been disbanded, were you not in the pay of England?

The Duc.— I was in the pay of England.

Hullin.— Does this power still give you assistance?

The Duc.— Yes, monsieur. That is all I have to live on.

Hullin.— Have you kept up any correspondence with the French princes in London?

The Duc.— Naturally. Why shouldn't I correspond with my father and grandfather?

Hullin.— When did you see them last?

The Duc.— I left the Prince de Condé at Vienne, after the disbandment of the corps that bore his name; as for the Duc de Bourbon, I do not think I have seen him since 1794 or 1795.

Hullin.— What rank did you hold in the army of Condé?

The Duc.— At first I served as a volunteer at the headquarters of my grandfather; then I commanded the advance guard in 1796.

Hullin.— And then?

The Duc (with pride).— Always the advance guard. (*A very short silence.*)

Hullin.— Do you now care to say for what reason you have borne arms against your country?

The Duc.— For God, for the king, for the throne, and for the recovery of the rightful inheritance of my ancestors.

Hullin.— Have you conspired against the life of the First Consul? Were you connected with the murderous plot organized by Georges?

The Duc.— Monsieur, are you speaking to the Duc d'Enghien, grandson to the Prince de Condé?

Hullin.— To himself.

The Duc.— Pardon me, but I was of the opinion that the glory of my ancestors, my rank, and the respect that one is entitled to anticipate, even from an enemy, deserved something better than an insult.

Hullin.— This is all very well, monsieur. However, you will have to pardon us, but you oblige me to say that you have in no wise answered my question. Do you wish me to repeat it? Have you conspired against the life of the First Consul?

The Duc (passionately).— I have then no right to the respect and regard of Frenchmen?

Hullin (after a short silence).— Come, come, monsieur, reflect. Endeavor to control yourself. Be good enough to take account of the place where you are. We are not children. I am afraid that you allow yourself

to be carried away by certain ideas that you hold through your birth and education. (*Quickly and with a gesture of vexation toward the duc.*) Once again, yes or no, have you conspired against the life of the First Consul?

The Duc (dryly).—No, monsieur.

Hullin.—Now, that is a likely thing! Your hatred toward the Republic, the place where you live, your frequent disappearances from Ettenheim.

The Duc (indicating DAUTENCOURT).—I have already explained to this gentleman why I lived at Ettenheim. As for my disappearances —

Dautencourt.—Monsieur has certainly explained, and I have put it down in the procès-verbal that his sojourn at Ettenheim had but one object, and that was to profit by the hunting rights that had been granted him by the Elector of Baden.

Hullin (to the duc).—As for your disappearances —

The Duc.—Really, monsieur, it seems to me that I couldn't very well go hunting in the streets of Ettenheim!

Hullin.—But — the conspiracy —

The Duc.—I have told you, no, monsieur; I have told you that I have not conspired.

Hullin.—However —

The Duc (exasperated).—No, no, no. A hundred times no, a thousand times no. Can't I repeat it enough to satisfy you? (*He furiously throws his cap to the ground and tramples it under foot.*) Bonaparte is a great man! If I have vowed him an implacable hatred, as well as to the French, it is not the hatred of an assassin. Against him as against you I have and I will make war, on all occasions, at every opportunity; but honorable war, as every prince of Bourbon blood ought to make. (*Calmly himself suddenly.*) At Ettenheim, moreover, I knew nothing about what was going on, I bothered myself with nothing.

Hullin.—Monsieur, you seem to be mistaken as to your real position. You take pains to remind us at every instant of your birth, as if that were a proof of anything. Had you not better adopt some other line of defense? I do not wish to abuse your position, but I note that you have several times broken your parole and that you have given violent answers to questions put to you in the calmest possible manner. Take care, monsieur, this can become serious, very serious. And besides, how can you hope to persuade us that at Ettenheim you were as completely ignorant as you say of what was taking place in France, when the whole world knew about it? And how can you contend, coming from a family such as yours, that you were indifferent to all these events, the consequences of which would mean so much to you? There is such unlikelihood about all this that I do not wish you to avoid noticing it.

The Duc.— Monsieur, I would not have been indifferent to these events, if they had harmonized with the principles of honor.

Hullin.— You think so, monsieur?

The Duc.— I am sure of it.

Hullin.— Then you find it harmonizing with honor to fight against your country?

The Duc.— I have battled for legitimate rights, to relieve the throne from the factions that have beaten against it. I have not borne arms against my country, but against the revolution, this revolution whose only tribunals were scaffolds.

Hullin.— But, monsieur, it was France that made this revolution.

The Duc.— No, France has looked at it only with horror; without a doubt a day will come when she will look back on it only with execration.

Hullin.— You are amazing, monsieur. And I can only think —. Is it indeed you who speak to us here? You are not sacrificing yourself to the prejudices of your caste?

The Duc.— My caste has no more prejudices than yours, monsieur; it only has more elevated views and more duties to perform. (*A silence.*)

Hullin (very kindly).— Come now, monsieur, yet one more question. Has your grandfather or your father ever used their influence to persuade you to go a little further than you really wished?

The Duc (after a short silence).— I understand you very well, monsieur, and I appreciate your benevolent intentions; but I cannot take advantage of the means you offer me. Never will I forswear my cause, which is the cause of all princes and all gentlemen.

Hullin.— You were then ready before your arrest to make common cause with England against us?

The Duc (in a grave tone).— Yes, monsieur. I have even asked England to let me serve in her armies, when you declared war against her. But she answered that she would not, that I was to remain on the Rhine, where presently I would have a role to play. And I was waiting, monsieur. I have nothing more to tell you.

Hullin.— Citizen-colonels, do any of you wish to question the accused? (*No one answers.*) In that case we have nothing more to do but to retire for deliberation. (*He rises.*) The case is closed. (*All go out amid a profound silence. The Duc remains, along with LIEUTENANT NOIROT.*)

The Duc (quickly).— Do you want me to tell you something, my dear M. Noirot? Well, I regret only one thing and that is that at Ettenheim I didn't fire on one of the generals I had in my house. At any rate my fate would have been decided by arms at once. And I would have escaped this

court-martial where I have been treated as a deserter. And I wouldn't be here, half dead for sleep, worn out with fatigue. (*A silence.*) Ah, my dear sir, do you know that since my arrest, you are the only man who has shown any sympathy for me? You are now my guard and you could have joined with every one else in making my captivity as hard and painful as possible. So give me your hand, M^r. Noirot. (NOIROT gives him his hand which the Duc holds for a moment.)

Noirot.—I would rather have a place in a hundred battles, monsieur, than in an examination such as you have had to submit to.

The Duc.—You are sincerely a republican, M^r. Noirot?

Noirot.—Sincerely, yes, monsieur.

The Duc.—I am sorry for mine and for myself. Do you know if the First Consul has been informed of the interview which I desired to have with him?

Noirot.—I do not, but if you would like me to, I can go —

The Duc.—No. Never mind. If by chance they had spoken to you about it, I should have felt easier, but I would rather have you stay with me — especially as the First Consul can hardly refuse me such a small favor. Don't you think so?

Noirot.—No. He can hardly —

The Duc (gaily).—In any case I am positive he would refuse me nothing if he knew that I am one of the most passionate admirers of his military talents and that this, wrongly interpreted, once earned for me a reprimand from the Prince de Condé, my grandfather.

Noirot (smiling).—Is that so?

The Duc.—I am sorry I no longer have the letter in which the reprimand was given to me. I would show it to you. It was at the time of the Italian campaign. By the way, were you on that campaign, M^r. Noirot?

Noirot.—No, monsieur, but I was in the Egyptian campaign, the whole Egyptian campaign.

The Duc.—You were in the Battle of the Pyramids?

Noirot.—Yes, monsieur.

The Duc.—Then you saw the Mamelukes, the host of Mamelukes, all covered with shining armor, attack the handful of French grouped in the desert? You saw them decimated by the French and flung into the Nile? You saw Desaix, Lannes, Kleber, and all the others carry away the victories that the genius of Bonaparte had prepared for them?

Noirot.—Yes, I have seen all this, monsieur.

The Duc (pensively).—And to think that I could have been there, I also, I, if France had remained faithful to her kings — instead of fighting

against her — and of dreaming of the glories of others! (*A silence, at the end of which there appear at the left door, first MADAME HAREL, then the PRINCESSE DE ROHAN.* MADAME HAREL speaks in a low tone to NOIROT, after which, on a sign of acquiescence from him, she turns to the door through which she entered.)

Madame Harel (to the princesse, who is not yet visible).— Enter, madame, he is here.

The Duc (rushing toward the princesse).— You!

The Princesse (throwing herself in his arms and bursting into tears).— Yes, I. I have seen Consul Cambaceres. I had been told that he did not want you arrested. It was true. Then he had pity on me and sent me secretly with a letter to the officer who commands the Chateau de Vincennes. (Indicating MADAME HAREL, who is speaking to NOIROT.) Madame, whom you must thank, is the wife of this officer. She has been very good to me. (The princesse continues to weep. The duc, overcome by his emotions, silently kisses MADAME HAREL's hand.)

The Duc (returning to the princesse).— Don't weep. Don't weep now, you mustn't weep like this. You make me feel so bad. (To NOIROT.) My dear Noirot, isn't madame wrong in giving way to her feelings like this? There's no reason for it, is there?

Noirot.— Why, indeed —

The Duc (softly to the princesse).— Come, don't weep any more. They are looking at us.

The Princesse.— It is nothing. I was overcome for the moment. There, it is over. See? (She wipes her eyes.) You are not ill, at any rate. All this has not made you ill?

The Duc (forcing a smile).— I, ill? Why do you want me to be ill? Do I look badly, then?

The Princesse.— You seemed to be so pale when I came in.

The Duc.— Nevertheless, I have been sleeping very well, I assure you. It hasn't been half an hour since I woke up.

The Princesse (indicating the table and the lanterns thereon).— And this, what is all this?

The Duc.— That? Nothing — I don't know. A table where some soldiers have been eating, probably. However, I am here only temporarily, while they prepare a room. Isn't that so, M. Noirot? (NOIROT makes a gesture of assent.) By the way, M. Noirot, please draw near, so I can present you to the Duchesse d'Enghien. (NOIROT approaches.) Lieutenant Noirot, my guard — and my friend. This gentleman was formerly in the Regiment du Royal-Navarre. He has seen me when I was a child, at

the house of the Count de Grussel, where I remember having been several times.

The Princesse.—I hope, monsieur, that you will not forget us, if ever in our turn we can be useful to you in anything. (*Noirot bows.*)

The Duc.—Will you allow us a few moments alone, M. Noirot?

Noirot.—Certainly, monsieur. But hurry, monsieur, for they may come back any moment and (*indicating the princesse*) madame must not be discovered here. (*He talks apart with MADAME HAREL.*)

The Princesse (in a lower tone to the duc).—Well, why were you arrested? You ought to know why to-day.

The Duc.—I? No. They have said nothing to me. And, my faith, as they have said nothing, I haven't liked to ask.

The Princesse.—What, you have seen no one?

The Duc.—No one. (*Smiling.*) Except yourself, madame, M. Noirot, and the soldiers who guard me.

The Princesse.—Then you do not know whether they are going to liberate you or to keep you in prison for a long time?

The Duc.—No, but I have an idea that we will soon find ourselves back in my little house at Ettenheim.

The Princesse.—And on what do you base this idea? You have seen no one as yet.

The Duc.—On what do I base it? My faith. First of all, on the opinion of M. Noirot —

The Princesse.—And then?

The Duc.—And then, on mine. I have rarely had presentiments that have deceived me. Now tell me, with a little more detail, about your interview with M. Cambaceres. What were you able to say to him in order to obtain so easily —

The Princesse.—Oh, nothing very great. I began by telling him that I was your wife, at which he was greatly astonished.

The Duc (smiling).—The impudent!

The Princesse.—Then I began to weep and weep, so that, after having for a long time refused to trouble himself about me, he ended by taking pity on me, by remembering that Commandant Harel was under obligations to him and so — here I am. It was his valet-de-chambre who brought me here. He is at Madame Harel's. We drove over. I have been at the chateau since midnight; they made me wait. You have no idea how many soldiers I met on the road, approaching Vincennes. Ah, now you have not been trying to escape?

The Duc.—How could I think of it? There are soldiers at every gate.

The Princesse.—By means of M. Noirot?

The Duc.—M. Noirot would not have consented to it. M. Noirot is a noble fellow, but he is a republican.

Noirot (approaching the duc).—Pardon me for disturbing you, but madame must leave you. This is also the advice of Citoyenne Harel.

Madame Harel (to the princesse).—Yes, madame, for if you were discovered here in spite of the order to let no one in to monsieur, my husband would suffer the severest penalties.

The Duc.—Madame is right. No one ought to suffer for having tried to do us a kindness. And, therefore, duchesse, au revoir — for a little. (*They embrace.*)

The Princesse.—I will do everything I can.

The Duc (quickly).—Why so? Let us await developments. Let us see what will happen. Come, my dear. (*He kisses her tenderly several times. She weeps afresh.*)

The Princesse.—Henri, my Henri.

The Duc (much moved).—Good by, good by. Be brave. Be braver than this. This is the worst consolation you can give me. I promise I'll run into no danger. (*To MADAME HAREL.*) Take her, madame.

The Princesse.—No, I want to stay with you, Henri. Please let me; oh, please let me. (*Her sobs redouble. MADAME HAREL takes her by the hand.*)

The Duc.—Come, come; good by, good by. (*MADAME HAREL leads the princesse away and the duc closes the door behind the two women. When he again speaks his voice trembles very much at first.*) I have never lied so much in my life. The poor woman! I thought for a moment that she would not go. At last. (*A silence. He yawns.*) Mon dieu, how tired I am! (*He goes to the taboret where he had previously been sitting; and little by little, while speaking, pushes it with his feet up to the council table.*) Ah, my dear M. Noirot, what an existence mine has been since my arrest. (*He yawns again.*) This is how it was. I was just going hunting; they surrounded my house, they carried me off and took me in a cart between two walls of soldiers as far as the Rhine. Why did they carry me off? I am still asking myself that question. In brief, here I am arrested, on neutral territory, in contempt of the rights of man. But this is nothing to the dreariness that followed. I arrived at Strasburg. I was sent to the citadel. There was no one ready to receive me. I slept on the ground, on a mattress. I needn't tell you how little sleep I got, need I? (*He yawns and sits down.*) Good! The next day they separated me from my people and my friends. I wrote some letters to console myself, then all the officials of the country began to file in front of me. The next night I began to think: ah, at last

I shall be able to sleep. But no, not a wink. They brought me some papers that they had seized at my house at Ettenheim and then they began to read them, to discuss them, to tie them up in bundles, until eleven o'clock. I was all tired out, but once more I couldn't get to sleep. The thoughts of my cruel position were too much on my mind. The night finally passed, and the succeeding day was nearly tranquil. They even gave me permission to take the air in a small garden before dinner. I dined, I went to bed. A-ah, I slept. But just see my bad luck, my dear M. Noirot. Commandant Charlot, the inevitable Commandant Charlot, made haste to awaken me. I dressed myself hurriedly, he said he had to take me at once to General Leval's. We went to General Leval's — I was resigned to anything by that time — but confound it! There was a carriage with six post horses waiting for me in the middle of the street and some soldiers. They had counter orders. And then to Paris. God of gods, what roads we went over! What ruts! Every moment I thought the carriage would be smashed to pièces. We arrived at Paris, they transferred me here; I appeared before the court-martial; they accused me of trying to assassinate the First Consul — this poor duchesse, who you saw just now, got admitted, God knows how! It is breaking my heart. And here I am, dear M. Noirot. But there, on my honor, I can do no more, I am dying of fatigue and want of sleep. (*He lets his head fall on his arms on the table.*)

Noirot (*very slowly*).— Why don't you try to rest, monsieur, while you are waiting until I receive the order to take you elsewhere? It will not be much later now. Be patient. The court ought to be on the point of rendering its verdict. Who knows? Why, any moment they may bring you liberty. I have great hopes, yes, monsieur. (*A door opens; NOIROT turns and advances toward DAUTENCOURT, who enters. The duc has not changed his position.*)

Dautencourt.— It is only I, citizen, don't disturb yourself. (*Lowering his voice and pointing toward the duc.*) Is he asleep?

Noirot (*also in a low voice*).— I don't know. Perhaps. He is exhausted. (*Raising his voice and calling.*) Monsieur, monsieur le duc! (*The duc does not answer.*) Yes. You see — he's asleep. So the court's deliberations are over. What penalty are they going to inflict?

Dautencourt.— Death.

Noirot (*with a start*).— Death? Death. O-o-oh, the poor devil! (*A silence.*) And when will they read the sentence to him?

Dautencourt.— Right away, out there. Well, au revoir, Citizen Noirot.

Noirot.— You are sure?

Dautencourt.— Yes, I haven't a moment to lose. The soldiers are already below, in the moat of the chateau.

Noirot.— The soldiers — at this hour? For what purpose?

Dautencourt (pointing to the duc).— Why — to —

Noirot (thunderstruck).— What! Immediately!

Dautencourt.— Instantly. It appears they could not delay matters.

There are secret orders. (*Noticing HAREL, who enters, followed by a corporal of gendarmes.*) And wait, here comes Commandant Harel.

Noirot (going up to HAREL and indicating the duc).— You are coming for him?

Harel.— Yes.

Dautencourt (to NOIROT).— Will you go down with me?

Noirot.— All right, since there is nothing more for me to do here.

(DAUTENCOURT and NOIROT salute HAREL; then go out).

Harel (to the corporal).— Wake him up. (*Stopping the corporal.*) You can take one of those lanterns over there. We'll need it to go down the stairs. (*The corporal takes a lantern, then he approaches the duc, whom he touches lightly on the arm.*)

The Duc (without moving).— Huh? What?

Corporal (touching him more vigorously).— Citizen!

The Duc (raising his head and looking at the corporal with sleepy eyes).— What is it now? What do you want with me?

Harel (approaching).— Get up, monsieur, and come with me.

The Duc (rising).— I am ready. Where are you going to take me? (HAREL takes him by the arm.)

Harel.— Monsieur, please follow me and summon all your courage.

The Duc.— But where are you going to take me, monsieur? Where the devil are you going to take me? (*Stopping short for a moment at the door.*) If you are going to bury me alive in a dungeon, I had rather you led me to my death.

Harel.— Monsieur, summon all your courage.

(*They go out. The stage is vacant for an instant. Then through the door by which the duc has departed enter the PRINCESSE DE ROHAN and MADAME HAREL.*)

The Princesse (stopping as she enters).— Why, look here. Wasn't it only a moment ago —

Madame Harel.— Yes, madame.

The Princesse.— I do not see his highness. Why?

Madame Harel (in a somewhat hesitating voice).— No doubt, madame, because they have taken his highness to a less delapidated apartment.

The Princesse.— Ah, yes. I know. He spoke to me about it. (*A short silence.*) It is odd, but I am almost happy in once more going through this place where I saw him such a short time ago. Will you let me look at it a moment, just one little moment, so as to fix it in my mind? (*Noise of soldiery without.* *Then can be heard the following, in the midst of silence, as though it were being read not far away.*)

Voice of Dautencourt (reading).

— In the name of the French people, after the examination and arguments as set forth, the commission unanimously declares the said Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien, guilty of having borne arms against the Republic, of having offered his services to the English government, of being one of the parties in the conspiracy against the First Consul: And he is condemned to suffer the penalty of death.

Madame Harel.— You cannot think of it, madame. What would they say? Come now. Come, madame.

The Duc's voice.— Thanks be to God, I shall die a soldier's death!

The Princesse (all in a tremble).— I thought I recognized his voice. (*She listens.*)

Madame Harel.— No, madame. I assure you you did not. Why should you think that the voice of M. le Duc?

The Duc's voice.— Is there among you a man of honor who wants to promise to do me a last service?

Madame Harel.— You see?

The Princesse.— I tell you that that is his voice. I am sure it is his voice, now. What are you telling me? Only listen. Listen. (*Coming to MADAME HAREL and taking her hand.*) I can now hear nothing. (*Noise of ramrods in the muskets that are being loaded.* *THE PRINCESSE begins to tremble convulsively.*)

Madame Harel.— Come, madame, quick, quick!

The Princesse.— It's out there! Close by.

Madame Harel.— I beg you, madame. It is the new garrison which is just arriving at the chateau. They have been waiting for it. That is why we have to go out this way.

The Princesse.— I tell you that I recognized his voice! (*She runs toward the window and opens it.*)

Madame Harel.— Make haste to leave the chateau, madame. My husband has explicitly told me to take you out of the chateau without losing an instant.

The Princesse.— Oh, madame, a moment, I beg you. Perhaps M. le Duc d'Enghien has not yet gone to bed — Perhaps they will bring him through here — And then I will see him again.

The Duc's voice.—Come, gentlemen, let us all do our duty.

Madame Harel.—You will betray yourself, madame. You will bring all sorts of misfortunes on my husband.

The Princesse.—They will not see me. Look what a mist there is. I see a light to the right.

A loud voice (suddenly from below).—He wants to die like a monk!

The Princess (terrified, turning toward MADAME HAREL).—Are they speaking of him? Madame — tell me, madame, is it he who is about to die? (*MADAME HAREL sobs.*)

The voice of the Duc d'Enghien.—My friends —

The same voice as before (cutting off his words).—You have no friends here.

The Princesse (fainting against the window).—Yes, I — I. My God, my God!

The Duc's voice.—Very well, show me the place where I must die. (*Short silence.*) No, no handkerchief. I do not want any handkerchief. I have seen death too often to be afraid of it.

Voice of an adjutant (who commands the firing squad).—Make ready!

The Duc's voice.—Aim at the heart.

Adjutant's voice.—Aim. Fire!

The Duc's voice (at the same time).—Long live the king! (*Rattle of musketry.*)

The Princess (falling on her knees).—Henri — my Henri — my poor Henri!

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN AND THE SONNET

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN— to a few only do the words call back uncertain memories of various fugitive poems published in the leading American magazines some twenty years ago. These few will remember him, not for his message or the intensity of his purpose, but for the pathos and the broken beauty of his voice,— a voice that ceased while the song still trembled on his lips. Shortly after his fatal illness, in February, 1899, Morang & Co., of Toronto, issued a memorial edition of his works,— a noteworthy volume of some five hundred pages, including his three former publications; and the young Canadian poet, who had never heard the world's praise during his life, began to gain the usual tardy recognition. He was not a poet of the library — of midnight mythology and the smoking lamp; he was a poet of spring meadows, of budding orchards and of wild and grassy spaces. And he sang of the timothy and the comfort of the fields; of snowbirds and the summer's sleep; of hepaticas and forest moods; sang as a boy might carol in his dreams or a happy peasant might sing to the world. But the world is an ungrateful audience — its silences are disapproving and its applause is always ill timed. None felt this more keenly than Lampman himself, and as his voice grew surer and his powers wider, his singing concerned itself less and less with the stress and complexity of modern life; ceased almost to reflect the moving panorama of the crowded days and echoed only the themes of solitude and woodland wonders.

Nature in all her manifestations held him closest — Nature gay and Nature pensive; all her changing moods delighted him. In a charming and sympathetic memoir Duncan Campbell Scott tells how after a long forced rest, when it was almost spring he would love to walk about slowly in the sunshine observing the process of nature — the advent of the warblers and the triumph of the first fruit blossoms. Back to the woods he always came from the troubled cities; back to the cool glades and dim recesses in search of quietude and solace. For earth was to him a soft-cheeked mother, and her voice was his inspiration and his comfort. But after all he has shown himself clearer and revealed his spirit better in his works; his smallest poems

are more eloquent biography than the most skilfully prepared appreciation could be. Nothing, for instance, could present a better example of his dream and flower philosophy, his intimate vision and of the man himself than this simple, almost whimsical sonnet which he has called

WINTER THOUGHT

The wind-swayed daisies, that on every side
 Throng the wide fields in whispering companies,
 Serene and gently smiling like the eyes
 Of tender children long beatified,
 The delicate thought-wrapped buttercups that glide
 Like sparks of fire above the wavering grass,
 And swing and toss with all the airs that pass,
 Yet seem so peaceful, so preoccupied;
 These are the emblems of pure pleasures flown,
 I scarce can think of pleasure without these.
 Even to dream of them is to disown
 The cold forlorn midwinter reveries,
 Lulled with the perfume of old hopes new blown,
 No longer dreams, but dear realities.

Here is the very refinement of poetic speech; an expression so softened and delicate that the entire fourteen lines suggest a wistful musing rather than any conscious thought. And what exquisite images are here embodied:

‘ Wind swayed daisies . . .
 Serene and gently smiling like the eyes
 Of tender children long beatified,’

and the picture of

‘ delicate thought-wrapped buttercups that glide
 Like sparks of fire above the wavering grass.’

It is through such passages of beauty that the sonnet with all its restrictions and limitations becomes the most ravishing of all the classic forms. And it is in the sonnet that Lampman is at the very height of his genius. In all of his sonnets, and there are over a hundred in the second edition of his collected poems, there is apparent not only a complete mastery of the subtlest technical *nuances*, but a variety of treatment that makes them all the more remarkable. Not content to reflect the mood of a moment, or

paint a passing picture, he has drawn upon all the arts for their individual characteristics. The result is that his sonnets appeal to all the senses — they tremble with sound, they dazzle with color; they are pictures set to music — plastic and pulsing.

Like a long drawn note on a muted violin or a young mother's wondering sigh is this poignant and searching bit of melody played on a lyre of fourteen strings.

MUSIC

Oh, take the lute this brooding hour for me —
 The golden lute, the hollow, crying lute,
 Nor even call me with thine eyes; be mute,
 And touch the strings; yea, touch them tenderly;
 Touch them and dream, till all thine heart in thee
 Grow great and passionate and sad and wild.
 Then on me, too, as on thine heart, O child,
 The marvelous light, the stress divine shall be,
 And I shall see, as with enchanted eyes,
 The unveiled vision of this world flame by,
 Battles and griefs and storms and phantasies,
 The gleaming joy, the ever-seething fire,
 The hero's triumph and the martyr's cry,
 The pain, the madness, the unsearched desire.

If ever a sonnet could be lyric, this is the very sublimation of song.

' Oh, take the lute this brooding hour for me —
 The golden lute, the hollow lute — '

is like a low refrain in which is blended all the yearning and the *weltschmertz* that the contemplation of things beautiful always awakens, awakens even more than it lulls. Music, which he felt more intuitively than anything else, was always present, even in his severest moments. Repetitions of phrases and their alternatives, skilful balancing of similar sounding words, and the varied use of accented rhythms tended to give many of his sonnets more actual melody than one usually finds in widely heralded 'songs.' In 'Earth — the Stoic' we discover what is possibly one of the best examples of these melodic turns and echoes in the first few lines:

' Earth, like a goblet empty of delight,
 Empty of summer and balm-breathing hours,
 Empty of music, empty of all flowers.'

Thus every word became a separate instrument in his hands; he knew all its tones and overtones, its powers and possibilities. He played lovingly upon it until he had sounded every haunting harmony and melting modulation, until all the subtle and exquisite changes were blended with the other voices in a series of symphonic passages. He would but touch an ordinarily prosaic and unresponsive word, and it became a thing of infinite suggestion, vital with beauty and throbbing with imagination. For purely pictorial effect I know of no sonnet in the English language that excels the following masterpiece. It is more than a picture — it is a painting so perfect that it contains heat and sound and all the faintly stirring life of a summer's day itself.

AMONG THE ORCHARDS

Already in the dew-wrapped vineyards dry
Dense weights of heat press down. The large bright drops
Shrink in the leaves. From dark acacia tops
The nuthatch flings his short reiterate cry;
And ever as the sun mounts hot and high
Thin voices crowd the grass. In soft long strokes
The wind goes murmuring through the mountain oaks.
Faint wefts creep out along the blue and die.

I hear far in among the motionless trees —
Shadows that sleep upon the shaven sod —
The thud of dropping apples. Reach on reach
Stretch plots of perfumed orchard, where the bees
Murmur among the full-fringed goldenrod
Or cling half-drunken to the rotting peach.

It is doubtful whether any of our poets could have written these lines except Keats — Keats to whom Lampman was so strangely affiliated. Not only in the love of sensuous sounding words and luxuriant phrases but in their very attitude toward life was this similarity striking. Neither of them cared for the companionship of throngs or the clamor of cities; they were happiest if they could be 'wrapped round in thought, content to watch and dream.' Both of them attempted to hold and reawaken the fleeting sensations of taste and touch by some colorful adjective or a tinted phrase — to renew by mere words the spiritual and esthetic emotions and pleasures which cannot be reproduced. Both were strongly imbued with the lyric spirit, and

each of them completed just one play. Lampman, however, never attained the highest peaks of song but for a few golden moments — his singing was never of that sustained and godlike beauty that is the epitome of Keats. But if he lacked this, there was one note he struck most effectively that Keats never possessed. And that was the note of poetic psychology. Not the shadowy and equivocal symbolism that so many of our really able writers affect, nor yet the merely modern ‘realism’ which is the exaggerated vision of a thing that is not even real, but a psychology at one time poetic and searching — so mysterious that it clothes with beauty, so illuminating that it lays bare. Of such an order is this remarkable poem which, by the way, is included with four other selections from Lampman in Stedman’s ‘Victorian Anthology.’ It is probably the only widely known and much-quoted of all his works.

A FORECAST

What days await this woman, whose strange feet
 Breathe spells, whose presence makes men dream like wine,
 Tall, free and slender as the forest pine;
 Whose form is moulded music, through whose sweet
 Frank eyes I feel the very heart’s least beat,
 Keen, passionate, full of dreams and fire:
 How in the end, and to what man’s desire
 Shall all this yield, whose lips shall these lips meet ?
 One thing I know: if he be great and pure
 This love, this fire, this beauty shall endure;
 Triumph and hope shall lead him by the palm;
 But if not this, some differing thing he be
 That dream shall break in terror, he shall see
 The whirlwind ripen, where he sowed the calm.

But lest it be thought from these pages that Lampman was either mute or inglorious in any other but the sonnet form, let it be understood that several of his ballads such as ‘The Violinist,’ ‘War,’ and ‘The Vase of Ibu Mokil’ are particularly noteworthy; that his ‘David and Abigail’ (which though a three-act play he has called even more fitly ‘a poem in dialogue’) contains passages of rich feeling and noble declamation, and that his purely songful lyrics are among his best endeavors. ‘Between the Rapids,’ ‘Easter Eve,’ ‘The Song of Pan,’ and ‘Before Sleep’ are each of them a perfect expression which no art could better. The first verse of the last-named is so ethereal that it would be unfair not to quote it in this connection:

' Now the crouching nets of sleep
 Stretch about and gather nigh,
 And the midnight dim and deep
 Like a spirit passes by,
 Trailing from her crystal dress
 Dreams and silent frostiness.'

Nor should this recital end without including these brief but majestic verses
 'With the Night':

' O doubts, dull passions, and base fears
 That harassed and oppressed the day,
 Ye poor remorses and vain tears,
 That shook this house of clay;

' All heaven to the western bars
 Is glittering with the darker dawn;
 Here, with the earth, the night, the stars,
 Ye have no place: begone! '

Whether Lampman will ever be one of those whose names are the pride and envy of the world is answered by the question itself. Whether he will even achieve the subdued glory of the lesser bards is a doubtful matter. Sometimes one thinks his voice was never meant for earth, but for 'some world far from ours, where music and moonlight and feeling are one.' It seems that a tone so intense and rapturous must continue to vibrate even after the singer is mute.

But even if all this ecstasy should perish, if all the lovely color should fade, and the inspired music be quite forgotten, the spirit beneath them, the divine energy that wrought these wonders can never die. Whether its reincarnation will be that of a singing bird or a dreaming flower; a shaft of spring sunlight or even another poet who shall blend all of these, no one will ever know. His soul was as careless of glorification as he was of earthly fame. He renounced ambition and his whole life was a splendid resignation. Voicing his creed he summed up all his aims and aspirations in a humble yet glorious cadence when he sang:

' From other lips let stormy numbers flow,
 By others let great epics be compiled;
 For me, the dreamer, 'tis enough to know
 The lyric words, the fervour sweet and wild.
 I sit me in the windy grass and grow
 As wise as age, as joyous as a child.'

THE SUPERNATURAL IN TWO RECENT PLAYS

By O. W. FIRKINS

IT is a notable fact that two of the great successes in recent or, more properly, current plays, have owed their motive and interest to the supernatural, and in both cases it has been a variant of the old-time traditional supernaturalism that has achieved the success. ‘The Servant in the House’ and ‘The Devil’ are distinguished from secondary work like ‘The Holy City’ and ‘The Sign of the Cross’ by their appeal to the modern taste; yet they are almost equally distinguished from the usual type of modern work by the use of ancient and, in part, at least, outworn traditions as the instrument of this appeal. Strongly contrasted in certain essentials, they possess the kinship so often found in opposites. In each a supernatural personage not only figures, but so dominates, not to say monopolizes, the action that the other characters seem little more than the passive executants of his will. In each this personage is supreme in his own hierarchy; in the one case we have an adumbration of the Christ, in the other an incarnation of the devil. In both plays this agent confines his operations to a narrow circle. In both, a revolution in character, in the one case a redemptive, in the other a destructive change is carried out in two or more persons. In both the transformation is rapid, occupying in one instance a single morning, in the other a period of about twenty-four hours. Neither play is enduring literature; yet each moves on a higher level than that of vulgar popularity.

The literary and dramatic merits of these works is a subject too attractive to have retained its freshness; but the treatment of the supernatural in the two is a less hackneyed and hardly less interesting topic. The supernatural in drama, particularly in its traditional or biblical phase, acquires new interest with the lapse of each decade of a critical and subversive epoch, as an iceberg becomes more curious and remarkable with each new stage of its descent into ungenial latitudes. Let us glance briefly at this side of the works, referring to literary and dramatic peculiarities only in so far as they grow out of this exceptional material.

The Christ in ‘The Servant in the House’ is not the historical personage of that title; he is a great deal more, and therefore a great deal less, than the

authentic Jesus of Nazareth. His Christship is superimposed, as it were, upon two other characters; for even here, with what might seem to some persons a marked propriety, he is a member of a trinity. He is ostensibly a butler in a private English family; but his butlership is only the mask of another much more imposing character, that of an English bishop just returned from the oversight of a diocese in India; and even his episcopacy falls into insignificance beside the august nature of his third function, that of a type or representative of Christ. The effect of this complexity on the spectator is a good deal like that produced on Rogers, the refreshing page boy, who avers that he 'never see such a complicated mass of mysteries and improbabilities in (his) life.' We do not know where to find this elusive and protean personage; each of his parts seem to be playing peek-a-boo with us from behind the other; at a given moment we are never sure whether we are to meet the counterfeit butler, the real bishop, or the symbolic Christ. We are teased and perplexed in the same fashion as when we follow the shifting legends of the lights that vanish and reappear at evening in the main streets of our cities. It is hard to focus any one of his three-fold functions: we cannot be expected to take his butlership seriously, when neither he nor the family set us an example; his Christship is only intermittent; and while we are told that he is a bishop, the author's word on this point is uncorroborated by anything that he says or does throughout the play.

'The Servant in the House' is allegorical; and, whatever may be thought of the merits or demerits of that medieval form which the Elizabethans flung aside as a clog and encumbrance when they girt their loins and lightened their knapsacks for the great dramatic race, there is no question as to the fact that allegory has its own laws to which every sound specimen of the class must conform. Does 'The Servant in the House' adhere to these standards?

When one object is the symbol of another, it is clear that the first or primary object should be accurately represented. The graft must not kill the tree; the superadded meaning must not destroy or distort the literal significance. The object must conform both to its primary character and to its ulterior message; and the propriety of symbolism in general and of the choice of any object as its vehicle both rest on the implied ability to conform to this requirement. If a butler stands for Christ, he must no more do things that are improper for a butler than he must do things that are improper for a Christ. All that he does must be proper to both characters; otherwise the wrong symbol has been chosen. The task is hard, no doubt; and in the case before us where the same person must conform

to the real character of a bishop, the simulated character of a butler, and the suggested character of Christ, the requirement is almost superhuman. But difficulty is no excuse for the non-performance of a self-chosen task. If a man offers to serve both as cook and coachman, after the fashion of Molière's *La Flèche*, it is no excuse for the burning of the mutton chops that at the critical moment he was called to harness the dapple grays.

Now the Manson in 'The Servant in the House' says and does things which are not proper either to a real bishop or a mock butler. He sees thefts that are done behind his back; he divines plans which mere humanity could not penetrate. He affirms that he breakfasts with workingmen every morning, declares people have trouble in recognizing him in anything but his customary garments, speaks of his own name as rather dangerous to play with, talks about his *name* being on everybody's *lips*. He declares himself the founder of a church which cost numberless millions, and proceeds forthwith to describe an edifice of which no modern man, either butler or bishop, could be the originator. This rhapsody on the temple indeed, in its undramatic substance, its undramatic language, its unsuitability to a butler, its incongruity with the English temper, its divergence from the style of Christ, whose imagery, however oriental in its abundance, is as plain and homely in its drift as that of Swift or Bunyan, its delivery to a deaf bishop and a surly blackguard, accumulates a number and variety of incongruities which even allegory could scarcely parallel. Moreover, much of this matter which we refer to Christ as being unsuitable for anybody else, is, properly viewed, quite as unsuitable for Christ himself. Much that, descriptively, is in accord with a person's character, is, dramatically, quite out of place in his mouth. The last thing attributable to real deity of any kind is indulgence in flights of rhetoric, double meanings, and covert suggestions of the unreality of the part he has decided to enact.

It may be safely affirmed, from the artistic point of view, that in all cases where a man is united with a god or demon in a single nature it is the man who has nothing to gain and everything to lose by the consolidation. The artistic values, distinctness, power, realism, subsist in the human factor, and the god or friend is parasitic. If a god is the datum, the premise, it is the height of wisdom to embody him in a man; but by the same principle, if the man is our starting point it is unwise to solder him with a divinity. Deification, for the dramatist's purpose, is as undesirable for men as humanization is expedient for deities. Even the virtuous spirit, the god, acts the part of a succubus or vampire toward the human being with whom he is associated. Allegory is governed by a similar law. In its common form a human being is used as the symbol of a principle or essence, and the human

element is weakened and deadened to the exact extent that the abstraction is enriched and vivified by the unequal partnership. It follows that a large class of persons for whom a man is greater than a truth or attribute regard that form of human sacrifice known as allegory as being like the other forms of the practice, the product and index of a primitive age. It is felt as an exchange of the greater for the less, not unlike that of the luxurious patricians of Rome who gave the blood of their slaves to sustain the cold and lethargic life of the fish they nourished for their tables. Now 'The Servant in the House' has to reckon with both these handicaps, the fact that it mixes the human with the supernatural, and the fact that this mixture is accomplished, not by incarnation, but by symbol or allegory. Jesus Christ is indeed no such colorless and featureless abstraction as truth or virtue or charity, but he shares in his own degree in the limitations of these elusive principles. Every one will recognize the enfeeblement and attenuation undergone by an historical or legendary person, such as Adam, Abraham, or Moses, the moment we begin to view him as an emblem or type of Christ; the virtue is drained off from the man into the symbolism. The vitality of a modern character in fiction is depleted in the same way by fusion with the idea of godhead; we destroy the man without achieving the divinity.

There are two other points in which the treatment of the semi-divine personage in 'The Servant in the House' is worthy of special notice. Every one feels that a deity should not be a talker, that silence is the perfectest herald, not merely of joy, but of godhead. Dignity, as even sovereigns have felt, depends largely on reserve; and in the treatment of deity the artist perceives that reticence is safety. The discursive and argumentative Christ of the 'Paradise Regained' makes a poor showing beside the austere and august brevity of the scriptural Jesus,—a brevity never more evident or impressive than in his longest and most formal discourses. Now the author of 'The Servant in the House' has felt the wisdom of this course, and throughout most of the play Manson speaks with a trenchant brevity which suits both the lowliness and the grandeur of his combined and contrasted functions. But the temptations of eloquence and dithyramb in the church-building speech above referred to have been too much for the author's fortitude, and Manson mounts the pulpit, the bishop profiting for the moment by the effacement both of the butler and the Christ. His great prototype resisted the temptation which beset him on the pinnacle of a temple, but Manson has cast himself down from its summit in obedience to a misleading voice.

There is another point in which the author has formed the right ideal, but has failed in loyalty to his own insight. Manson is 'The Servant in

the House,' for the same reason, no doubt, that Jesus was born in a stable and served as a carpenter's apprentice. The humility of the station and function was felt to be the highest emphasis that could be put on a power and dignity which transcended all distinctions of status. This is a true and refined conception, and is successfully carried out through the first three acts; but the whole point of this moral ascendancy of the servant is blunted, if not positively broken, when the butler, in the fourth act, is forced to ask and obtain the dictatorship of the family for an hour. The emphasis is now transferred to the inability of Manson to achieve his ends through the purely moral forces at the disposal of a domestic. The demonstration of the might of mere character — the only rational end of the disguise — is annulled by the investment of character with authority. We are curious to know what a common butler could do, if he were good and great; what a butler who is regent of the house could do is a question of minor interest.

That the moral effect of a play like '*The Servant in the House*' is wholesome as far as it goes is undeniable; as to how far it goes opinions will doubtless differ. The unique trait in the play is the attribution of the moral influence to a semi-divine, not a purely human, being. Is anything gained by this peculiar attribution? Are we moved less or more by a virtue through the fact that it springs from God, not man? It is certainly true that goodness commonly stirs us in the ratio, not of the loftiness, but of the lowness, of its source. As flowers nowhere impress us so little as at the florist's, so virtue is least moving at its origin or headquarters. God, as it were, makes a specialty of goodness, and we are not amazed that a man or god should be proficient in his specialty. A bishop's honesty impresses us less than a shoebblack's to the exact extent that it is more professional. We are not stirred by the perfection of God; we reflect, crudely perhaps, that perfection is in his line. The exertion of an influence similar to Manson's by a mere human being in the actual place of a servant might have edified us more than this contemplation of great results emanating from forces which we cannot understand or measure.

Another barrier to our appreciation of the virtues of deities is that they commonly strike us as inexpensive. The singular power of the Christ and Buddha stories over the heart of mankind lies largely in the fact that in exacting sacrifice from the divine power they have removed this interdict on sympathy. The case of Manson illustrates the more usual situation. His goodness costs him little or nothing. The demands made upon him are for advice and supervision, forms of service to fellowman in which even fallen human nature has found no overwhelming difficulty. These are functions, moreover, which are generally admitted to be rather useful than

endearing. Manson, measured by the relaxed standard which we instinctively apply to paragons, is by no means a bad fellow. With his cargo of merits another man might have been simply insupportable. But for all that he is not quite the person whom one would choose for a seatmate or a playmate or a hearthmate. His presence in the house would certainly make the sinners uncomfortable, but would it not also make the virtuous uneasy? He has a preoccupation with moral judgments which is not commonly ranked among the desiderata of a good companion, and his sympathies, broad and inclusive as the sky, are like the sky impersonal and universal. A roof is lower and smaller, but it holds the warmth more securely. Were Manson merely human, we should class him as the sort of man in whose existence and in whose rarity we find equal proofs of the bounty of an overruling providence.

It may be questioned, therefore, whether the ethics of '*The Servant in the House*' derive any added power from their immediate efflux from a quasi-supernatural being. The same virtue in a man might have been even more efficacious.

The moral tendency of the English play admits of no dispute; the same cannot be affirmed of the Hungarian drama which agrees with it in its bold appropriation of the old time supernaturalism to the service of current sentiments and purposes. Not that there is very much purpose in '*The Devil*'; it is suggestive, rather, of reckless caprice or audacious trifling. Its author may, for aught I know to the contrary, be the exemplar of all the private and domestic virtues, but there is an aroma in his work that suggests the man to whom one would sooner commit any other charge than the care of a young and handsome female relative. Yet there is often as wide a gulf between character and intentions on the part of an author as there is between intention and result in the composition of the work. Whatever the writer may have felt or meant, it is hard to see how '*The Devil*' as it stands can be reckoned an immoral play. The principle of evil appears in person, and, in the course of twenty-four hours, succeeds in luring or rather goading two weak but well-meaning persons into the commission of a sexual crime. An offense of this sort is surely not recommended to general imitation by its ascription to the direct promptings of the author of all evil, particularly when that author is himself unprepossessing. Moreover, there is a peculiar ignominy in the state to which the lovers are finally reduced which makes it all but impossible, not merely to approve or share, but even to credit their felicity. One can see how a man who is neither a churl nor a rake might envy the illicit joys of a Lancelot and Guinevere, a Paolo and Francesca, perhaps even an Armand and Camille; but it is hard so see how even a

Don Juan or Lovelace, how any one, in fact, short of a Caliban, could feel anything but contempt for the state of those two benighted puppets, harried and hustled into a crime equally wanting in the dignity of a clear resolve or the strength of an unprompted impulse. Few men would care to be sentenced to this form of happiness, and to make vice contemptible is a more effective deterrent than to make it terrible or revolting.

Passing on to the subject of our main inquiry, we ask ourselves what old or new variety of devil the drama offers for our study. In the first place, we note in the person in question the faintness of the tincture of the supernatural. Beyond a few passing allusions, which are mere credentials, the presentation of his card to the audience, so to speak, there is nothing in his language or his acts beyond the power or the malignity of an able and depraved human being. The effects of the acts and words are another matter, on which an observation must be made later on; but aside from the momentary dallyings with his biography and his domicile, the devil says and does nothing impossible to human nature. Here, again, one wonders if in the ascription of these vices a mere human agent would not have given them an emphasis which they cannot possess in a being in whom vice is the basis and staple of existence. When bad things are done by the Prince of Darkness, we say to ourselves as Luther is said to have done when he heard the fiend stalking about the house at night, 'Oh, it's only the devil,' and resume our interrupted labors. The calling in of a supernatural being to carry out an artist's designs in a way of brutality and iniquity seems a needless and undeserved reflection on the proved efficiency of man himself in those directions. The author of this play has had the wisdom to lay aside the jugglery and trickery which amused Marlowe in his 'Faustus' and even the mature and serene Goethe in his 'Faust,' but is not the retention of the old name or mask, when the character and conduct have become thoroughly humanized, itself a juggle which might well follow the rest to the lumber room?

The devil of the contemporary play is not a great literary figure, but he has points of contact with originality. In his make-up we find a trace of Pandarus, Chaucer's Pandarus, without the good humor and the naïveté, a trace of Falstaff in his coarse but prodigal vitality, and rather more than a trace of the Gœthean Mephistopheles in his mocking wit and his curious blending of gusto and insouciance. He is one of the temperamental devils, with a strong animal basis which, however, serves less to shape his own conduct than to direct the cynical and sensual philosophy in which his active though narrow mind finds its main sustenance and delectation. He is not only a self-sufficient but a self-sufficing personage, for whom the quarry is of less account than the chase, and the chase itself hardly more important than the

trimness of his own figure in the hunting jacket. He is a happy devil; indeed it must be said of the devils in general from the uncomplaining and contented Satan of the Scriptures to the lively and sportive Mephistopheles of 'Faust,' that they have kept up their spirits under adverse circumstances in a fashion worthy of the admiration and the imitation of the saints. But the devil of the recent play is distinguished, even in this cheerful company, for high spirits and unruffled self-content. He has, indeed, no excuse for not being happy; he likes himself, and he is always successful.

It is no surprise to find that he belongs to the class of loquacious demons. The motto, 'Let losers talk,' has always found one of its main applications in the chief loser in the first and greatest of all games that was played for the lordship of the universe. The talking propensity did not show itself at once. The Satan of the Bible is an industrious and self-contained workman, conspicuous mainly by his modesty and reserve, uttering hardly more than two or three hundred words during the course of his recorded operations. But later on he was captivated by the romantic splendor of his own unique and startling role in the great drama of the earth and heavens. He ceased to be a workman in the fatal moment when he found that he was a personage. The capture of souls became a mere incident in the life of a being whose main function was the exploitation of his own distinctions and peculiarities. The Satan of the 'Paradise Lost' finds an assuagement even of the mournful gloom and the burning marl in the dexterities of his superb rhetoric. Byron's Lucifer showed his parentage in his vivid sense of the effectiveness, from a picturesque and literary standpoint, of his own situation and attitude. The Mephistopheles of Goethe's poem is as happy to find an audience as a victim. He clings to Faust with a tenacity which suggests less an avarice of souls than obtuseness on the part of his normal associates in hell to the piquancies of a corrosive wit. Had his victorious enemy cut out his tongue, further damnation would have been superfluous. The devil who now interests us is of the same talkative and self-exploiting breed. The peopling of the inferno is with him only a secondary object; what he really likes to do is to sun himself in the admiration of the shuddering but cringing human race. He is interested in the trapping of men and women; but if it came to a choice between a soul and a bon mot the soul would be regretfully but unhesitatingly relinquished.

The purpose of his witticisms is to bring out the frailties and bestialities of human nature, to perform an analysis of man's spirit which shall leave only the sediment, in other words, the mud. As the composition of dust into man was the congenial work of the divine spirit, so the resolution of man into slime is the converse office of the devil. It may be remarked in passing that

all this unction in probing human weakness is out of keeping with the character of an authentic Satan. The being who had played the game for thousands of years would be as little likely to revel in the infirmities of man as a veteran angler to chuckle over the gullibility of fishes.

There is one further point of interest in the supernatural element in '*The Devil*' which relates it in a significant way to '*The Servant in the House*' . The devil's triumph, as we have seen, is absolute; but he is far from being a profound or even an adroit tempter. Many a half-fledged Lothario would smile at the clumsiness, not to say perversity, of his methods. If one had a wife who had to be tempted by somebody, there is no one whom one could more cheerfully see installed in the role of Don Juan than this supposed embodiment of wiliness and dexterity. The persons whom he wishes to bring under the domination of the senses are generous idealists; and the strategy which he adopts is the ruthless exposure of all that is earthy and bestial in the passion that allures them. Dealing with characters with whom drapery and disguise are imperative, he pursues the plan of uncompromising disillusion. In the details of the action, his choice of means is equally impolitic. He appears in a place where his presence is suspicious and vexatious, he bullies and insults the persons whose trust and good will it is indispensable to gain, he incurs the needless hate of half a dozen leading persons in a society in which his footing is a matter of moment to his own purpose, he suggests indecorums which are also puerilities to a well-bred and self-respecting woman, he dictates a letter in which the contradiction between the assumed and the actual purport would be clear to an intelligent child, he works in short for the undoing of his own cause with a zeal that might furnish a model to evangelists and missionaries? How, then, does he succeed? The answer is simple enough: He is the devil. He reveals a contempt for methods which implies a command of the results. We are left to suppose that there is some emanation from his personality, some supernatural efflux, which reinforces the feeble inducements, or offsets the powerful deterrents, which his policy offers to the consummation of his will.

It is remarkable that a like hypothesis is required for the explanation of the results in '*The Servant in the House*' : Manson does things which no mere man, whether butler or bishop, could effect by normal means in two or three hours. Neither the sideboard nor the altar supplies any elixir which can justify the swiftness of these transformations. How does he convert the scavenger? Apparently, by a flowery discourse, clinched by an allusion to comrades hammering in a dome. How does he convert the vicar? Presumably by about ten minutes of colloquy in the course of which he says that his religion is to love God and all his brothers. How does he

convert the vicar's wife? The answer must be left to the subtlety of the devout reader. There are, of course, magnetic and dominating personalities, but even these require longer times and ampler means for their achievements. To account for the effects, we must recur to the superhuman potency in Manson; we must suppose that he transforms souls by a force entirely outside of the operation of normal feelings and motives.

The correspondence of the two plays in this particular is exact: the only means by which we can account for the ruin of two persons in twenty-four hours or the salvation of four others in less than three by the use of resources so clumsy or insufficient is the supposition that these persons act under a supernatural coercion, under a temporary displacement, in other words, of those conditions of free will and rational motive which are the foundations both of ethics and drama. The assumption of any such marvelous potency is the negation of true art. The introduction of a force that is both unknown and unlimited, in seeming to broaden the scope of art, really leaves it helpless: for with the unknown, recognition, the first of esthetic pleasures, is impossible; and with the unlimited, artistic skill, that is to say the evolution of a result within fixed limits, is equally out of the question. What interest could there be in watching a game of chess in which the moves were new and unknown to the spectator, or, again, what interest could attach to a game in which every piece was allowed to move anyhow or anywhere? The great literary artists have shown a wise reserve in their handling of the supernatural. They suspend the laws of matter in favor of their superhuman entities; but they keep inviolate the laws of mind. The ghost in Hamlet and the witches in Macbeth appear and vanish under conditions unknown to the laws of physics, but their words operate upon the mind of the ambitious thane and the brooding prince in precisely the same way that the words of common human beings (if believed to be supernatural) would operate. They produce no moral effect which might not equally have been produced by successful imposture. Human will and human motives remain normal in their presence.

The narratives of the four Gospels in the New Testament, if we take them as they stand, afford a curious instance of the distinction between physical and what we may perhaps call moral miracles. The suspensions of the laws of matter are incessant, but they are unaccompanied with any deflection or displacement in the laws of mind. Bodies are healed by superhuman methods, but minds feel, will, and act according to natural and familiar laws. In fact, the object of the physical anomalies is to obviate the need of moral ones; miracles are performed to render belief rational, in other words, to enable men to believe in obedience to, not in dissonance with,

their psychology, their human constitution. With the descent of the Holy Ghost in the Acts of the Apostles, the moral miracle comes into play. We admit the physical marvel in narrative and drama, because we instinctively feel that in ordinary fiction matter is the secondary consideration, and a little toying or tinkering with its possibilities leaves the essential psychological interest intact. But in a narrative where, as in some of Poe's and Verne's, the material or physical problem should be uppermost, the introduction of an external miracle would be felt to be as obtrusive and destructive as a psychological somersault in other work.

The common peculiarity of '*The Servant in the House*' and '*The Devil*' is that in accepting a superhuman or quasi-superhuman being as hero, they have both courageously thrown aside almost all of the luggage of external miracle, while both have fallen into the graver though subtler error of introducing marvel or inconsequence into the domain of thought, feeling, and will. Drama and ethics are alike conditioned on the integrity and freedom of the moral nature. The characters in both plays are puppets to the precise extent of the discrepancy between their alleged conduct and the probabilities. The forces under which they act are, or may be, omnipotent; and the victories of omnipotence are uninteresting. A fact of this kind, while equally damaging to the dramatic force of both plays, has a curiously opposite effect on their moral tendency: it extracts much of the tonic from '*The Servant in the House*', while it removes half the venom from '*The Devil*'.

MUSAEUS'S 'HERO AND LEANDER; A GREEK SEA IDYL'

BY ELIZABETH HAZELTON HAIGHT

*I never think of poor Leander's fate,
And how he swam, and how his bride sat late,
And watched the dreadful dawning of the light,
But as I woud of two that died last night.
So might they now have lived, and so have died;
The story's heart, to me, still beats against its side.*

—Leigh Hunt

THE episode of Hero and Leander is well known, but few read Musaeus's charming rendering of it. Musaeus was a grammarian who wrote, probably in the fifth century, this little poem of three hundred and forty hexameters. He was confused by the scholars of the Greek renaissance with the semi-mythic bard of the Orphean age, and this 'Hero and Leander' was believed to be the earliest of Greek poems. Symonds tells us that when Aldus Manutius conceived his great idea of issuing Greek literature entire from the Venetian press, he put forth 'Hero and Leander' first of all in 1498, with a preface that ran as follows: 'I was desirous that Musaeus, the most ancient poet, should form a prelude to Aristotle and the other sages who will shortly be imprinted at my hands.' Marlowe spoke of 'divine Musaeus' and Chapman prefixed to his translation the title 'The Divine Poem of Musaeus, First of all Bookes.' Even a scholar like the elder Scaliger was deceived about its age, and it remained for Casaubon and later Schwabe to determine its period from its style and meter and its imitation of Nonnus, a fourth century epic writer. It is as Köchly fittingly named it, the last rose in the dying garden of Greek verse. Although the poem is very late Greek, it has an exquisite sweetness of style and an unconscious purity of feeling that seems at times Homeric. John Addington Symonds's comments voice its charm.

'The poem is,' he says, 'both an epic and an idyl. While maintaining the old heroic style of narrative by means of repeated lines, it recalls the sweetness of Theocritus in studied descriptions, dactylic cadences, and brief

reflective sayings that reveal the poet's mind. Like some engraved gems, the latest products of the glyptic art, this poem adjusts the breadth of the grand manner to the small scale required by jewelry, treating a full subject in a narrow space, and in return endowing slight motives with dignity by nobleness of handling.'

Symonds's whole delightful appreciation of Musaeus* should be read with the poem. He suggests there possibilities of a comparative study between Musaeus's and Marlowe's rendering of the story. I have hoped by my translation to make the poem more accessible to students of English literature and also to familiarize general readers with a tale of hapless young love that deserves a place beside 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Paolo and Francesca.'

MUSAEUS'S 'HERO AND LEANDER'

Sing, goddess, of a lamp that witnessed secret loves and of a swimmer who crossed the sea each night to his bride, and of a marriage in the dark which immortal Dawn did not behold, and of Sestus and Abydus where was the midnight marriage of Hero. I hear your song of Leander's swimming and of the lamp, the lamp which gave safe conduct in Aphrodite's service, the attendant who presided over Hero's nuptials in the night, the lamp which in honor of love Zeus ought to have taken after its nightly toils to the assemblage of the stars and to have named the bridal star of lovers, because it was the helper of love pangs, and it guarded its sign for those sleepless meetings until the hostile wind blew on it its unfavorable breath. Come now, join in my song of the common end of the light quenched and Leander lost.

Sestus and Abydus were opposite each other. Neighboring cities near the sea were they. Now Eros, stretching his bow, shot one arrow at both cities and smote a youth and a maiden. Their names were Leander, the lovely, and Hero, the maid. She dwelt in Sestus, he in the citadel of Abydus, and both were the fair stars of their cities twain. They were like each other. Do you, if e'er you fare that way, search, prithee, for a certain tower where once Hero of Sestus dwelt and set her light for Leander's guidance. And seek the echoing strait of the sea at ancient Abydus which even yet laments the fate and love of Leander. But how did Leander, who made his home in Abydus, fall into longing for Hero, and how did he bind the girl too with longing?

Beautiful Hero, descendant of the gods, was a priestess of the Cyprian. She was untaught in marriage rites, and she dwelt away from her parents in a tower with the sea for neighbor, another lady Cyprus. And through wisdom and modesty she never met with the women in their gatherings,

*J. A. Symonds, 'The Greek Poets,' Vol II. Chap. 22.

nor took part in the delightful dance with the girls of her age, avoiding the jealous criticism of women. For women are jealous in the case of beauty. But always she used to propitiate Cytherean Aphrodite and frequently she used to appease Eros also with burnt offerings, for she dreaded alike his heavenly mother and his blazing quiver. Yet not thus did she escape his fire-breathing arrows.

For the public festival of the Cyprian came which men celebrate throughout Sestus to Adonis and Cythereia and those who dwelt on the shores of sea-girt isles, and men from Haemonia and men from Cyprus in the sea made haste to gather for the sacred day. No woman remained in the cities of Cythera, no one was left dancing on the heights of fragrant Libanus; no one of all who dwelt near failed to come to the festival, no inhabitant of Phrygia, or of the neighboring city of Abydus, especially no youth who was fond of maidens. For the lads always came when there was a rumor of a festival, not so much because they hastened to bring sacrifices to the immortal gods as because of the beauty of the girls who gathered together.

The maiden Hero went to the temple of the goddess. Her fair face was radiant with light, such light as gleams on the white cheeks of Selene when she rises. Snowy were the maiden's cheeks and on the top of their curve spread the pink. So a rose bursts in varying color from its calyx. You would quickly say that a meadow of roses was blooming on Hero's body, for the flesh of her body was rosy. And as the maiden passed, the roses shone beneath her white tunic's hem. Many were the charms that flowed from her person. The ancients said falsely that the Graces were but three, for Hero's eyes when they smile give birth to a hundred graces. Truly Cypris found her priestess worthy. So the fairest by far among women, the priestess of Cypris, seemed a young Cypris. She made her way into the tender hearts of the young men, nor was there any man who did not long to hold Hero as his bride. And when she wandered through the fair temple she kept the minds of men following her, and their eyes and their hearts. And many a youth marveled and uttered this word: 'I have been even to Sparta, have seen the city of Lacedæmon where we hear of a contest and a prize for beautiful maids, but not before have I seen a girl so young, so dear, so exquisite. Perhaps the Cyprian has here one of the young Graces. In seeing her I suffered and I did not find satisfaction in sight. May I mount Hero's marriage couch and die! I would not desire to be a god on Olympus might I have Hero as my wedded wife in my home. But if it is not fitting for me to touch your priestess, Cythereia, grant me, I pray, a young bride like her.' Such words many a youth uttered, and hiding their wounds from each other, they went mad with love for the beauty of the maid.

And you, hapless Leander, when you saw the glorious girl, did not wish to wear out your heart in secret tortures, but unexpectedly conquered by the fiery arrows, you did not wish to live without possessing beauteous Hero. The more he looked at her, the higher burned the flame of love and his heart seethed at the rush of the irresistible fire. For great beauty in a virtuous woman brings keener pangs to men than a winged arrow. The eye is the path. From the darts of the eye the wound spreads and makes its way to the heart of man. First there came upon him wonder, then boldness, then a trembling, then shyness. His heart shuddered, shame seized him at having been conquered. Then he marveled at her great beauty, and love put shame to flight. Courageously at love's command he welcomed boldness and quietly he went and stood near the maid. He cast a side glance at her and his eyes trembled and he perplexed the heart of the maid with his signs that found no voice. But the girl when she understood the half-concealed longing of Leander rejoiced in his beauty. And she herself quietly hid her lovely face many a time, yet gave an unwitting message to Leander by her secret signs. Then again she turned back, and his heart was glad within him because the maid understood his longing and did not scorn him. Then while Leander was seeking a secret hour of meeting, Dawn brought the light and went away and from the west appeared Hesperus the star of evening. And the youth approached the maiden boldly when he saw the dark advancing in her sable robes. And gently pressing the rosy fingers of the girl, he heaved a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart. And she without a word, as if angered, drew away her rosy hand. And when he saw the signs of yielding in his beloved lady, he laid a bold hand on her embroidered tunic and drew her towards the secret shrine of the holy temple. With reluctant feet the maiden Hero followed as one not wishing and she made this speech, threatening Leander with soft words: 'Stranger, why are you so wild? Why, ill-starred man, are you dragging along me, a maid? Go on another way. Let go of my tunic. Avoid the wrath of my wealthy parents. It is not fitting for you to touch a priestess of the Cyprian. It is wrong for you to go to the bed of a maid.' Such threats she uttered, fitting words for maidens. But Leander when he felt the sting of her gentle threat recognized the signs of the maiden persuaded, for when women threaten men, their very threats are preludes to Aphrodite's rites. So he kissed the girl's fair, fragrant neck, and smitten by the dart of desire, he uttered these words: 'Dear Lady Cypris, second to Cypris, Athena after Athena, I do not call you like earth-born women, but I liken you to the daughters of Zeus, Cronus's son. Happy was the man who begat you, and happy the mother who bore you, and most blessed the womb that held you. Hear now my prayers and

pity the needs of desire. Since you are the priestess of Cypris, perform now the work of Cypris. Come to me; solemnly observe the goddess's own marriage laws. It is not seemly that a maid should serve Aphrodite. Cypris does not rejoice in maids. And if you wish to learn the goddess's delightful laws and certain mysteries, they are marriage and nuptial couch. Do you, if you cherish Cythereia, welcome the joyous bond of love that warms the heart and receive me, your suppliant, your husband, if you wish, whom Eros came after and hunted down with darts of love for you. For swift Hermes of the golden wand conducted mighty Heracles to the service of a bride, Iardanus's daughter. And Cypris sent me to you, clever Hermes did not lead me. And you know the story of the maid Atalanta in Arcadia who once scorned marriage with Meilanion who loved her, cherishing her maidenhood, but when Aphrodite became angry, the girl took into her whole heart the man whom before she did not desire. Be persuaded, then, and do not awake wrath in the Cyprian.' So speaking, he persuaded the heart of the reluctant maid, binding her soul with his love-awakening words. And the maiden in silence fixed her eyes on the ground, trying to hide her face that was blushing from shame. She smoothed the earth with her foot and in shame frequently she drew her tunic together over her shoulders. Yet all this was the harbinger of yielding, for silence is the promise of a maiden's yielding to love. Already the maid Hero felt the bitter-sweet sting of passion. And her heart was kindled with the sweet fire, and she shuddered at the beauty of charming Leander. And meanwhile Leander, his face alight with love, did not weary of gazing at the fair neck of the girl. At last she made sweet speech to Leander, while a dewy flush of shame spread over her face: 'Stranger, by your words you would quickly stir even a rock. Who taught you the ways of wandering words? Ah me! Who brought you to my native land? All these words you have uttered in vain, for how can you, a wandering stranger, and faithless, win my love? We cannot unite openly in holy wedlock, for it would not please my parents. And if you wish, since as a stranger you have wandered to my native land, to remain there, you cannot hide our love and make it secret. For the tongue of men is fond of scandal, and the deed done in silence is proclaimed at the cross-roads. But tell me your name and your country. Do not hide them. For you know my name; it is famous Hero. And an echoing tower rising toward the sky is my home. There I dwell with one maid-servant before the city of Sestus above the shore where the waves roll, having the sea for my neighbor by my parent's stern decree. I have no companions of my own age; there are no dances of youths here; but always through the night and in the morning the sound of the wind-swept sea roars in my ears.' With

these words she hid her rosy face in her robe, overcome by modesty, and she blamed her own words. But Leander, smitten by the sharp dart of desire, was thinking how he might win the prize in love's contest. For Eros, the wily, conquers a man by his weapons, then again heals the man's wound, and he, the All-conqueror, aids the mortals whom he rules. And he himself then aided the amorous Leander. At last the youth in passion spoke a clever plan: 'Maiden, for love of you I will cross the wild sea even if it seethes with flames, even if the water be not fit for ships. I do not dread the deep stream since I fare to your couch. I do not dread the roar of the loud-sounding sea but ever in the night borne through the waters I your husband will swim the Hellespont's strong stream. For I dwell in the citadel of Abydus opposite your city, not far away. Only, I pray you, set for me a single lamp in your lofty tower in the west at dark. Then seeing it, I'll be the barque of love, your lamp my star. And watching it, I shall not see Boötes setting, nor mighty Orion, nor the orbit of the Wagon that brings no rain. And may I put in at the sweet haven of the land across. But, Dear, guard against unfriendly breezes, lest they put out the light and at once I lose my soul, the lamp, the guide that lights my life. And if my name you really wish to know, my name's Leander, husband of Hero crowned with flowers.'

So the two covenanted to unite in secret wedlock and pledged to guard their friendship of the night and the news of their marriage which only the torch should witness, and the girl swore to set the light, and the lad swore to cross the long waves. So when they had arranged sleepless Hymen's tryst, reluctantly they parted of necessity. Hero went to her tower and Leander after he had noted the signs of the tower that he might not go astray, sailed in the dark night to the broad deme of Abydus, city of deep foundations. And in their longing for the mysterious rewards of nights spent together, many a time they wished that the bridal dark would come.

Now night's darkness, clad in sable robes, rushed on, bringing sleep to men, but not to longing Leander. But on the shore of the loud-sounding sea he awaited the gleaming herald of his marriage, looking for the summons of the lamp—ah! much lamented!—and for the messenger of his secret union that he should see afar. And when Hero saw the dark gloom of black night, she lighted her lamp. And when its light appeared, Eros set the soul of eager Leander aflame. As the lamp burned, he burned with it, and beside the sea, hearing the echoing roar of the raging waves, he trembled first, then, summoning his courage, he cheered his heart by uttering these words: 'Dread is Eros, cruel the sea. But there is water in the sea and the fire of love is burning within me. Fan the flame, my heart, do not fear the

flowing stream. Come, my heart, on to love. Why heed the breakers? Do you not know that Cypris is the child of the sea and rules both the ocean and our love pangs?' Saying these words, he drew with both hands his peplos off from his fair limbs and bound it on his head, then rushed from the shore and threw his body into the sea, and always he hastened towards the lamp burning opposite him. His own oarsman he was, his own ship, self-sent, self-moving. And Hero, the light-giver, high in her lofty tower many a time when the wind blew an unfriendly blast, shielded the lamp with her robe until in great weariness Leander arrived at Sestus's shore, his ship's haven. Then she led him to her tower. And at the door without a word she threw her arms around her gasping husband, still dripping with the sea's salt spray, then led him to the heart of her maiden room, now her bridal chamber. And she washed all his flesh and anointed his body with oil, fragrant with the odor of roses, and quenched the smell of the sea upon him. And then, while he was still breathing hard, on her soft bed she put her arms around her lord and spoke to him tender words: 'My husband, you have suffered indeed many things which no other bridegroom has suffered. My husband, you have suffered many things. Enough now of the salt waves and the fishy smell of the loud-roaring sea. Come, put away your weariness in my bosom.' When she said these words, at once he unbound her girdle and they entered into the mysteries of kindly Cythereia. That was their marriage, but they had no wedding dance; that was their nuptial bed, but they had no wedding song. No singer raised a hymn to Hera, the marriage goddess. No gleam of torches lighted their bridal chamber, no chorus attended them with dance, no father or honored mother joined in wedding song. But silence spread their couch in hours of fulfilment, silence closed the bridal door and darkness decked the bride. Their marriage was without the wedding songs. Night was their bridesmaid — and Dawn never saw the bridegroom Leander on that famous bed. For he swam back to the land of Abydus opposite, still eager, still breathing forth the sweetness of that night. And Hero of the flowing robes kept her story from her parents. By day she was a maid, by night a bride. And many a time both lovers longed to have day end.

So the two, concealing their need of loving, secretly took delight in Cythereia's sway. But only a little while they lived; not for long did they have the joy of their uncertain union. For when the time of frosty winter came, driving before her chill, whirling blasts, and the wintry winds blowing were always stirring the restless depths and watery ways of ocean, smiting the whole sea with a whirlwind, the sailor now drew up his black ship on the two shores of the beating sea, avoiding the wintry, treacherous waters. But

no fear of wintry sea checked you, stout-hearted Leander. For your guide in the tower, showing you the wonted light of Hymen, urged you on, recking nought of the raging sea. Cruel and faithless it was. Hapless Hero ought to have waited when winter began and not to have lighted the short-lived star of love. But longing and fate forced her on. And in her madness she set up the beacon of fate, no longer Love's light.

It was night when most of all times the high winds, the winds that smite with wintry blasts, together fall upon the seashore. Yet even then Leander in the hope of his dear bride was borne along over the roaring waves of ocean. Now wave rolled high on wave; the water was seething; ocean mingled with sky; on all sides the raging winds were howling. Eurus blew against Zephyrus, Notus hurled great threats against Boreas, and ceaseless was the roar of the thundering sea. And suffering Leander, in the relentless eddies, many a time made supplication to Aphrodite of the sea, and many a time to Poseidon, the very king of the sea, and he reminded Boreas of his Attic bride. But no one helped him and Eros did not ward off the fates. And beaten on every side by the fierce onset of the raging water, he was borne along and the power of his feet was spent and the strength of his untiring hands was gone. Then of its own accord a great stream of water poured down his throat and he drank a useless draught from the irresistible salt sea. And at last a bitter wind extinguished the faithless lamp and the soul and the love of much-enduring Leander. And Hero, while he delayed, stood with sleepless eyes and a wave of terrible anxiety rolled over her heart. Dawn came, but Hero did not see her husband. In all directions over the broad back of ocean she turned her eyes to see if she might behold her lover wandering since the light had gone out. And when near the foundation of the tower she saw her husband, a dead body dashed on the rocks, she rent her broidered tunic over her bosom and with rushing sound fell headlong from the lofty tower. So Hero perished upon the body of her dead love, and even in utter destruction they had joy in each other.

THE MINNESINGERS

BY SIDNEY MARCH

SELDOM in the history of literature has it happened that warriors and poets have come from the same class, that the strong arm that swings the sword has been able to guide the pen through the intricacies of verse forms.

War and its dappled trappings, crimson with glory and blood, with its clanking preparations, brave display, and its noble deeds, has been the inspiration of many a poet from the time of Homer down, and warriors too have found their inspirations in a singer's song of stirring actions, in the softening of their hearts by a poet's lay. Chieftains kept their hards and scalds about them to recall the memory of the doings of their famous ancestors, and there has rarely been a time when there was not a place beside the throne or castle dais for the harp or lute.

But it was ever the warrior who slew the guilty, upheld the innocent, kept a pass against overwhelming odds, loved and bore away on his swift steed the fair princess — and it was ever the poet, gentle, with eyes like the sky over all, and heart like the ocean touching every shore, who made songs of other men's actions.

But in the early Middle Ages when life was so full, human feelings so eager, so fresh, there was no such a division. The warrior, the knight, who did the deeds, sang of them himself, and the Troubadour and Minnesinger wrote songs and epics as they rode, armour clanking, to joust or warfare along the flowered roads in springtime. It was a time of great love of life; the world was small and fair; spring after the long northern winter was in truth a very miracle of resurrection, and the early blossoms and returning birds were greeted with as much joyousness and childlike freshness as if their coming were not of yearly recurrence. With the spring, life was spent out of doors, booths were erected in the meadows and forests, and the inhabitants of the damp, musty gray castles, knights and ladies, exchanged their narrow rooms for the greensward, eating, dancing, and often sleeping under the roof of the sky. There was little of Puritan restraint upon their lives, and singing songs seemed as natural to such lovers of the world about them as to the birds themselves.

Once again in a later generation in England was found this same combination of warrior and poet in some of the Elizabethans,—Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney.

While there is a certain resemblance between the songs of the French Troubadours and those of the German Minnesingers in style and subject, dealing principally, as both do, with love, there is also a great difference in method, and love in the songs of the Minnesingers becomes purer, less passionate than in the songs of their southern neighbors. The very word 'minne' means 'thought of love,' something more spiritual than 'amour.' Their first songs come from Austria and Bavaria, and in spite of the easily recognized French influence on this literature, it remains to the end thoroughly national in its characteristics.

The emotional life of a knight of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries ranged from heaven to hell, from the pope to the emperor, from war to his lady. All these emotions may be found embedded in the verses of the Minnesingers, but the most prominent position is given to 'minne' itself, and though the range in subject be narrow, it is exceedingly extended in form. It became the fashion for each poet to find a new form for his thoughts as well as a new melody for his words, as the Minnesinger, unlike the troubadour, played his own accompaniments, and it is in this diversity of forms that lies one of the chief charms of these old lyrics.

The form is a modification of the Nibelungenlied strophe, and in the earlier writers are to be found many inaccuracies in both meter and rhyme.

There are several collections of these songs, the most important of which is the one known as the Manessische Manuscript, made in Zürich, in 1304, by Rudiger Manesse and his son Johann. It is beautifully illustrated with portraits of the Minnesingers riding, fighting in tourneys, singing on the greensward to their ladies. Among these drawings is an interesting one of Herr Heinrich von Veldecke, represented as a medieval Orpheus, seated on a flowery bank, surrounded by small birds on the tree branches, a stork behind him and a black squirrel perched upon his shoulder. Dying before the death of chivalry which begot them, these songs lay long forgotten until the middle of the eighteenth century, when some of them were published in Switzerland, and in 1803 the German poet, Ludwig Tieck, brought out a number of them for the admiration of a new generation.

There are so many beautiful lyrics in these collections, unknown to the majority of the English-reading public, that I have thought that the selection of a few of them would prove of interest. The translations I have made are from the German of Bruno Obermann, who has arranged the poems in modern spelling. I have been perfectly faithful to the forms of the originals, and trust that in so doing I have not sacrificed the spirit.

First in order come the songs in praise of women and of love. The following by Reinmar von Hagenau is very sincere and earnest.

PRAISE OF WOMAN

Hail to thee, woman, that pure name!
 How soft it is to hear, how very sweet to say.
 Nothing is there of such a fame
 As thine, if to thy graciousness thou giv'st full sway.
 I mean unto thy praise an end there cannot be,
 And he to whom thou troth dost plight, a blessed man is he,
 And sweet to him is living.
 Happiness thou giv'st to all the world,
 Wilt thou not to *me* a share be giving?

The author of this verse accompanied Leopold VI, Duke of Austria and Steiermark, to the Crusade in 1189, and bewailed his death in a lyric. Living much at the Austrian court, many of his songs were artificial, but Walther von der Vogelweide praises 'his melodious mouth and sweet song.'

Tristan was a favorite subject with the poets of that age, and another Reinmar, Reinmar von Zweter, a follower of Walther's, wrote the following:

A NEW TRISTAN

Tristan once suffered grievously,
 And through a woman's love it was he died so piteously
 And also through his constancy, such love he drank out of a glass.
 I also drank of this same wine
 From my dear mistress' eyes, therefore such sorrow now is mine
 Nor can May's glories, nor the songs of little birds e'er bid it pass,
 For she hath wounded mind and heart so sadly,
 With the deep spear point of her love so badly
 That with some hope she quickly we must beat now;
 Or else then soon I shall be dead,
 Unless her little sweet mouth red
 Upon my lips so sick with love I feel now.

The Watchman's Song was a favorite form. When reading the following by the Markgraf von Hohenburg we feel ourselves standing on the turrets of a high tower looking eastward, and we see the grim watchman anxious for the honor and life of the knight, and the fair lady with unbound tresses pleading with him.

WATCHMAN'S SONG

Watchman

A knight's life here I guard with care,
 Also thine honor, woman fair,
 Wake him, lady!
 In joy and glory God him keep,
 Let him awake and others sleep.
 Wake him, lady!
 High time is't now,
 Be ready thou;
 I pray thee now for his sweet sake alone,
 Dost love him so,
 Then let him go,
 For if he sleeps too long the fault's thine own
 Wake him, lady!

Lady

Oh! mayst thou unhappy be,
 Thou watchman, who sing'st cruelly.
 Sleep, beloved!
 Wert thou awake I should be glad,
 But waking thee makes me too sad,
 Sleep, beloved!
 Oh! watchman see,
 Good will to thee
 I've ever borne, which thou dost not return;
 Thou long'st for day
 To drive away
 The joys of love that in my heart now burn.
 Sleep, beloved!

Watchman

To bear thy wrath is my duty;
 Let not the knight the day here see.
 Wake him, lady!
 He gave himself into my care,

Gave him to thy favor, fair!
 Wake him, lady!
 Oh! lady choose,
 If he must lose
 His life, then they with his our lives will take.
 I sing, I say,
 Now is it day,
 So wake him now, or my horn must him wake.
 Wake him, lady!

The following song brings us to the greatest of all the Minnesingers, Walther von der Vogelweide, whose very name makes us think of green fields and singing birds. He was born in the Tyrol and there, in its mountain freshness, learned his singing. He went to court at Vienna and in his wanderings was welcomed by many a prince, among them by Frederick II, himself a poet in his Sicilian kingdom. He took part in the political struggles of his time, siding with the emperor against the pope. He was the sweetest of all the singers and gentle at the thought of women.

LOVE'S DREAM

I

Take, maid, this wreath from me —
 So spake I once to a maiden sweet and fair,
 Star of the dance you'll be,
 If these flowers sweet thereto ye will but wear.
 If I rare jewels had, believe me,
 In your hair I'd place them,
 And joy to see you grace them;
 Truth is't I tell, I'd not deceive ye.

II

So pleasing, maid, are ye
 That gladly on ye would I this wreath bestow
 As fair as it may be,
 But so many bright-hued flowers still I know
 Which blossom in that meadow yonder:
 From the ground they're springing

And the birds are singing,
Thither to pick them we will wander.

III

She took the wreath from me
As a modest maiden overcome with shame;
Her cheek was red, to see,
As the rose that 'neath white lilies is aflame.
And downward then her bright eyes turning,
Gracious bow she made me,
Kindly to repay me;
If more — from me ye'll not be learning.

IV

Methought that ne'er again
Joy so great as mine could anywhere I find.
There fell the flowers' rain
From the trees on us who in the grass reclined.
Ah! see with joy my heart was leaping,
Joyous was my dreaming,
Blissful life was seeming,—
Came day — and I awoke from sleeping!

V

Therefore constrained am I,
When fair maids I in summertime do see,
Into their eyes to spy,
If I found her my pain might ended be.
Oh! were she 'mongst these maids here dancing ?
Ladies now aside lay
Hats that your faces hide may,—
See I my wreath-bound maid advancing ?

There was at that time in Germany a strong feeling against the corruptions and simony of the Church at Rome, and there were many tirades written against the pope and the clergy. One of these Catholic precursors of the Reformation was Dr. Warner. He was not a knight, as were most of

the Minnesingers, and wrote chiefly political and religious verses, fables, and riddles. His end was a tragic one: he was murdered when blind and old, with but few years to live.

AGAINST THE POPE

Now may God help me that my children never old do grow,
 For now already the whole world such piteous mien doth show.
 For more than thirty years of dole
 Do we not see priests fighting without ceasing ?
 So tell me now, thou Pope of Rome, thy staff how dost thou use,
 That God unto St. Peter gave that he our sins might loose ?
 He gave them infula and stole,
 That us from sins they might be aye releasing.
 Into swords now the stoles have turned ;
 They do not fight for souls, for gold they're lustng.
 Where was it bishops ye this learned
 To ride armour-clad, when to the infula ye should be trusting ?
 Your pastoral staff hath lengthened into a long, sharp spear,
 And ye have conquered all the world; but from
 Ye naught is heard but aye: ‘ Give here ! ’

This prayer of Spervogel is an indication of the fervor and purity of the religious belief of the Minnesingers.

TO THE INFINITE

All the green things the woods hold,
 All the metals, even gold,
 And each depth in land or sea,
 All, oh! Lord, is known to thee,
 In thy hand's hollow dwell they,
 But, oh! Lord of heaven, there's naught
 That perfectly of all thy glory tell may.

By Spervogel is also the following homely philosophy:

VAIN WISHES

What boots it, then, the steed that we stand near his way ?
 What profit hath the wolf, though round the flock he stray ?

If they may them no nearer go.
 And like to them fares even so
 The man who hath no gold, though everything for sale we find can.
 A light within another's hand doth profit naught a blind man.

Friedrich von Hausen, like so many others of the Minnesingers, was a Crusader, and met his death as he was in hot pursuit of a band of Turks. The longing for his lady many miles away in her northern home, to whom he sent many a rhymed message, must have made him at times regret that he had taken the Cross, and caused him to write the following:

Who takes the Cross and then faint grows
 Shall see, when Paradise outside
 He stands, the gates of heaven close
 That to his lambs God opens wide.

'The Life of Man,' by Der Kauzler, and 'Preparations for Eternity,' by Ulrich von Singenberg, show that the singers were not always light-hearted.

THE LIFE OF MAN

So fair, so strong, so prudent
 Was woman ne'er or man
 But the future oppressed e'er
 And fear of coming death,
 But to the worms for food lent
 His body. Pain began
 His life, and troubles rest ne'er;
 Sorrow and need his breath.
 And his first sound is weeping,
 His last too when comes night,
 No time hath he for reaping,
 I wot, of sweet delight.
 In need and fear and sorrow
 Doth man his end abide
 How quit this world some morrow,
 How fare the other side ?

PREPARATIONS FOR ETERNITY

Ah! well for him who doth reflect
 On what he was, is, and shall be.

He who this counsel doth reject
 Into a false glass gazeth he,
 And will not ready make his soul for heaven,
 Since to no one can it be known how long a term is given.
 Now first of all this rede's for me,
 But if I should this truth forget, full well I know
 That other folks more wise will be.

Spring is the season most associated with the Minnesingers; they made comparisons between her charms and those of fair women, described it as a background for women's beauty, or delighted in her for her own loveliness and contrast between her and winter. 'May's Jollity,' by Neidhardt von Reuenthal, is full of spring's impetuosity.

MAY'S JOLLITY

In the valley, on the hill
 Hear again the birds now trill,
 See again grassy lane;
 Go, old winter, how you pain!

Trees that late were old and bare
 Now their spring's new garments wear;
 Where birds gay
 Sing and sway
 All the May their debt now pay.

And a dame who on her couch there lay
 Fighting Death both night and day
 Jumped from her bed,
 Like a goat round sped,
 Beat the lads till off they fled.

The cynic strain always to be found in love poetry is exemplified in these verses of Bernger von Horheim.

LYING

I

Oh! it's ever I'm dreaming I fly through the air
 Over the world that belongeth to me,

I think of a place, and my spirit is there,
 I long for strange treasures, and here they will
 For strong is and fleet and so mighty be and free
 My spirit that quickly from here I am speeding,
 No beast of the forest can follow my leading —
 But no, I am lying — I'm leaden, you see!

II

Crazy with delight now soon shall I be,
 Hath not Love shown me such favor to-day ?
 Were there but near here or far I might see
 A wood full of trees in a noble array,
 Then joyous they'd mark me in dances round sway.
 In truth midst such pleasures I must restrain me.
 Oh! fool, how I prattle; I'm lying again, see
 Ne'er was I sadder, that now must I say.

III

Spies and duennas I've troubled in mind,
 Have I not earned their envy and hate ?
 Is not my mistress both wealthy and kind ?
 How happy am I who in trouble once sate.
 That pain in my heart that oppressed me of late
 Away now is vanished, forever hath ceased,
 And joy from all sorrow me hath released,
 Ne'er was I better! But lies 'tis I prate!

IV

And now I succeed where I failed in the past
 In the love of my fair one; this to ye I tell.
 So now are the spies and duennas downcast,
 Since no more they near me at my fate rebel,
 At the heart's trouble that she doth expell.
 And now that again I to pleasures am wending
 God shall reward her that my tears are ending.
 But no, I am lying — still long must they last!

That the ladies were not unmoved by all the songs sung in their honor is proved by their treatment of Frauenlob, a Minnesinger, so called on account of his constant praise of women. At his death, in order to show their appreciation of his homage to them, the women decorated his coffin with wreathes of flowers and bore it themselves to the grave.

Many of the Minnesingers were not only lyric, but epic poets as well. Hartman von der Aue wrote the epic 'I wein,' Wolfram von Eschenbach, 'Parzival' and fragments of 'Titurel,' and Gottfried von Strassburg, 'Tristan and Isolde.'

At last, as chivalry declined, this literature, fresh and youthful, grew degenerate, fell from its poetic height, became bourgeois, mocking, coarse, till one day all knightly robes dropped away from it and its dead bones only were left for the master singers, shoemakers, small craftsmen, men of narrow, sordid views, hemmed in by the walls of their native cities, to cover with their woolen caps and leathern aprons, to discuss and dissect, unconscious that the spirit of poesy was dead.

A NEW HAMLET QUERY

BY JAMES M. STREET

IS the celebrated speech of 'To be, or not to be,' a soliloquy? While the speech as a soliloquy may be to us what it was to Charles Lamb, 'a dead member,' yet if it is not a soliloquy, there can be but one explanation of it.

In the interesting analysis that he makes of the speech in controversy, Karl Werder adopts the view that the speech is a soliloquy without considering the place of the king in the poet's mind while the speech is being delivered. In his theory, the effect of the ghost on Hamlet excludes all consideration of the significance of the speech as set in the presence of Hamlet's deadly enemy. He says, 'What Hamlet has most at heart after he sees the ghost, is *not* the death, but, on the contrary, the *life* of the king, henceforth as precious to him as his own.' And yet, his consideration of it as expressing the effect of the ghost upon Hamlet, the objective idea, loses sight of the effect of the speech upon the king, the subjective idea. Is this speech the expression of the ghost in Hamlet? or is it the expression of Hamlet in the king? To go further, is there not a blending of the subjective with the objective in Hamlet, the value of the latter enhanced by the presence of the former? The creator of this scene certainly could have given us a scene with Hamlet unheard and unseen, without affording the king an elegant opportunity for the study of the prince off his guard, if it was intended that the speech should be a soliloquy.

But let us consider the dramatic purpose of the scene. Hamlet has been requested to appear at the place where he delivers the speech. 'We have closely sent for Hamlet hither.' 'Closely' is interpreted to mean privately or secretly. What is wanted of Hamlet? To meet Ophelia as if by accident. Why? Polonius insists Hamlet's 'confusion' is due to rejected love. He desires to demonstrate the fact to the king. So they arrange for Hamlet's presence and concealing themselves, 'seeing unseen,' observe how he conducts himself with Ophelia.

Now observe the condition of each mind in this scene in order to catch the mental bent and meaning of what is said and done. What was the knowledge and thought of each as to the others?

The king was in a troubled state of mind. Hamlet's 'transformation'

worries him. The king has a guilty secret. He fears Hamlet knows more than he pretends to know. In the interval between the first and second acts, the king has sent to Wittenberg inviting to Elsinore companions of Hamlet who were of 'young days brought up with him' and had become 'neighbor'd to his youth and humor.' The king expected them to surprise Hamlet's knowledge from him or the cause of his aloofness. The king keeps these young men innocent. He so handles them that these boon companions of Hamlet's school days not only do not suspect anything wrong, but they are fatally flattered by their service to a king. They become very much swelled with their new position in life. The king makes them believe that he has a kindly interest in Hamlet and he is very anxious to know if anything to him

'unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.'

They are supposed to get their information secretly. They are to draw Hamlet on to pleasures and to gather as much from occasion as they could without exciting Hamlet's suspicions.

Hamlet *pretends* to be in a troubled state of mind. He fools Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern completely, but the king is wary and wily. He dreads Hamlet's prowess. He dreads Hamlet's quick perceptive powers, his ability to keep his knowledge, thoughts, and plans to himself, his possible suspicions of the king. And, worst of all, Hamlet is the son of the murdered.

But Hamlet's mind is steady. It is also intensely secret, as secret and subtle as nature's self. Even Horatio doesn't get as much confidence as he himself thinks he does. We mention this because it is important in studying the temperament of Hamlet. He tests everybody and everything, even his own views in Horatio's mind, the reflex leaving the impression with the student that the views remain on the surface; there is a deeper and different meaning beneath. Horatio was his friend and he was Horatio's, but he had more mind and judgment, and, naturally, a keener sense of his own responsibilities than Horatio did.

Hamlet tells his fellow-students nothing. He learns everything. He surprises from them their agency to the king and then chloroforms the surprise. He does tell them something. He tells them he has lost his mirth and foregone all custom of exercises. And yet in the very breath he tells them this, he is having delicious fun with them, making them think they are performing a great service to 'the good king and queen.' He

doesn't tell them that he is exercising every day with the sword, that he has been 'in continual practice' fencing, since Laertes 'went into France.' He also tells them he is 'most dreadfully attended.' This is the day before the scene with Ophelia. The king, perhaps, suspects that Hamlet knows that he is being watched by Polonius and the king, but the king never learns that Hamlet has captured the real reason why Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are at Elsinore. So Hamlet appears in the presence of Ophelia, knowing the disposition of the king to use spys on his secret conduct. Would not Hamlet be inclined to be more on the alert this day, after having had the experience of the day before?

But there are other conditions which would indicate that he would be more on the alert this day than he was the previous day, vigilant, quick, and illusive as he was on the latter occasion. One reason is his interest in and the necessities of the success of the experiment with the king in the court play to be given that evening. The other is, the logical thought of a trap that would naturally be suggested in Hamlet's mind by the presence of *Ophelia*.

Let us take up the latter first. Ophelia is introduced to us in the play being warned against Hamlet's intentions by her brother. Her father then tells her that *he has been told* that she has been 'most free and bounteous' in her audience of him, that it has been brought to his attention 'in way of caution,' that he fears for her honor, and demands that she give up the truth. She insists that Hamlet has 'made many tenders of his affection' to her. The father ridicules the idea and insists that Hamlet is not sincere. She insists that Hamlet has importuned her 'with love in honorable fashion.' The father tells her that these vows are but 'implorators of unholy suits,' and commands her to have no further 'words or talk with the lord Hamlet.' She obeys. In the interval between the first and second acts, Hamlet sends her love epistles. They are returned. He tries to see her. She denies him audience. At the opening of the second act, he has forced himself into her presence, and in telling her father of the fright he caused her, she says that 'he falls to such perusal of my face, as he would draw it,' but said nothing. The only sound that passed his lips was 'a sigh so piteous and profound, that it did seem to shatter all his bulk and end his being.'

Now comes the interesting phase that Ophelia henceforth plays in Hamlet's 'antic disposition.' Hamlet's disposition has already been causing the king concern, as has been indicated by the sending for the schoolmates. Polonius goes direct to the king with his discovery of Hamlet's trouble. While he is with the king, Hamlet enters, reading, and, with Hamlet in their presence, the lord chamberlain excitedly beseeches the king

and queen to away in order that he can ‘board’ Hamlet. It would be illogical to say that Hamlet, concealing himself with his ‘antic disposition’ for the only purpose of more keenly observing the actions of the king and his spies, did not notice the excitement his presence caused. It would be illogical to say that the king, possessing more mental ballast than any of the others, to say nothing of having more at stake and knowing the aged courtier to be more sententious and meddling than wise, did not keep within sight and hearing of every act and word of Hamlet in this scene with Polonius. Hamlet twists him about his honesty, then startles the general presence with the statement, ‘To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of two thousand,’ banterers the old man about ‘a god kissing carrion,’ and then suddenly asks him about his daughter. Then he banterers him about her honor. Polonius is thus thrown entirely off the real scent. But the king can see what Hamlet thinks of Polonius and, what is more to the point, that Hamlet discriminates severely between the counterfeit and the genuine coin in human nature.

Hamlet does not meet Ophelia again until the scene of the soliloquy. The king indulges this scene because he must indulge Polonius. But he is also anxious to have every opportunity to study the manner and the speech of Hamlet. Hamlet may drop something inadvertently that will give him a key to the situation. He gets it in this scene, but in a way that startles him from his generally well-mastered composure of mind and conduct.

Hamlet knows that Ophelia is impossible for him because of her father. The only way we know this is by Hamlet’s actions, and his speech with her father. He has had no notice that her father is the cause of her repelling his letters and denying him access. She has not told him anything. He has not asked her anything. And yet, it is apparent, in the way he threw himself into her presence and silently searched her soul, leaving her with an unheaving resignation that settled the question with him, that her nature to him was transparent, unsophisticated, shallow. He regarded her as a frail girl, a tool in the hands of that ‘wretched, rash, intruding fool,’ her father.

Ophelia is to walk where she will attract Hamlet’s attention. He is not supposed to be expecting her there. She is expected to draw his attention to the fact of her presence. She is a decoy. She is acting a part at the command of her father. Hamlet enters. She fails to capture his notice until he has finished the soliloquy in full, heaped, and rounded measure. Then he says,

‘ Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember’d.’

If Hamlet was aware of the presence of her father and the king, this introduction has an effect Hamlet desires, gratifies Polonius. Ophelia asks about his health 'this many a day.' It is 'well, well, well.' She informs him that she has remembrances that she desires to return. He replies, 'No, no. I never gave you aught.' The play between them is on. It is more trying to her than it is to Hamlet, and yet it is more trying to him as it was lived in the mind of the poet, than we can fully appreciate. One must needs have the genius and the soul of the great world in which this scene had its birth and its life to be able to do it exact justice. If Hamlet knew of Ophelia's presence, he naturally did not know what aggressive deception, if any, she was going to play. That she had an attraction for him cannot be gainsaid. The exact nature of it causes us some doubt and perplexity. He seems to have made no effort to wean her from her father. Certain it is, unlike Desdemona or Imogen, she seems to be more conscious of being loved than loving. Her love of Hamlet seems to be extremely negative or passive. She seems to have no power to arouse herself in his defense. He seems to act towards her in recognition of this hopeless fact. But he speaks of her to her father, scandalously. True, he later exclaims that 'forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up,' the sum of his love for Ophelia. But he afterwards says that he was in a 'towering rage' with Laertes when he said this. And it is a significant fact that immediately after Laertes warns her to fear 'his unmaster'd importunity,' Hamlet goes into 'continual practice' fencing. Did he learn of this warning? If so, how? Or did he only suspicion it? What is the psychological cause of such a suspicion?

At any rate, when he tells her that he has never given her any gifts, his wits must have been sharpened for developments. His perception must have been quickened in a study of the part she was playing. And when she insists that he did give her gifts, and reminds him of the words 'of so sweet breath composed as made the things more rich,' and then, adding insult to injury, tells him that their perfume has been lost, not by the conduct of her father, not by her desertion of him, but by his own conduct, is it any wonder that he exclaimed, 'Ha, ha! are you honest?'

It has been claimed that this remark was caused by Polonius fidgeting and Hamlet becoming aware for the first time of the fact that he was being overheard. It has been said that he spied the eavesdroppers for the first time and that this is the explanation of this remark. Irrespective of the fact that he knew of her presence from the time he first came upon this scene, irrespective of the fact whether he knew all along that she was simply there as a decoy, his ejaculation was as natural as his ejaculation in the first act, 'O my prophetic soul! mine uncle!'

Ophelia remonstrates, ‘ My lord ? ’ It would be interesting to know just what was her actual condition of mind and soul at that moment. Hamlet asks, ‘ Are you fair ? ’ She is lost, she is hurt, she is indignant, she is frightened. ‘ What means your lordship ? ’ Hamlet replies, ‘ That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.’

Ophelia.— Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty ?

Hamlet.— Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Ophelia.— Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet.— You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Ophelia.— I was the more deceived.

Hamlet.— Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me; I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offenses at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth ? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.

There is something in all of this intended for no one but Ophelia and himself. He is struggling with himself and her. He is not aiming so much that she shall clearly understand as that he shall free himself of her. He throws some plain truths at her and in throwing off some half-truths of himself, seeks to settle himself so as not to lose his proper adjustment with the eavesdroppers. His next word is a fling more at the king than at her father. He suddenly asks, ‘ Where’s your father ? ’ Now she is frightened, not because she thinks Hamlet knows of the presence of her father, not because she thinks she has seen him, but because she must lie worse than ever. It can well be imagined the subdued and trembling tone in which she replies, ‘ At home, my lord.’

Then Hamlet takes another fling, not at Polonius, but at the king. Ophelia’s answer called for no reply. But he volunteers the comment for the benefit of the king, ‘ Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in ’s own house. Farewell.’

And then she gives up. Hamlet’s ‘ noble and most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled,’ are ‘ out of tune and harsh.’ He is ‘ quite, quite

down! ' *Ophelia is losing her mind.* The strain has been too much. She exclaims, ' Oh, help him, you sweet heavens! '

Hamlet returns. He flings this at her, ' If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.'

Ophelia.— O heavenly powers, restore him!

Hamlet.— I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: go to, I 'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.'

Now, we have gone through this scene with Ophelia entire to show that his affections did tend towards love, that it reveals an inner struggle of Ophelia's delicate fragrance of femininity in him, that he strives to free himself of its dangerous influence with him,— dangerous because it diverts him from and imperils his real responsibilities. He is nervous, unstrung, abruptly leaves her after each fling, seeks with an almost desperate effort to grasp and keep control of the situation with the eavesdroppers, and succeeds, partially on account of Ophelia's fascination, in making the impression on Polonius that she has made him mad, and at the same time winding up with a shot for the king, granting life to all that are married, ' all *but one.*'

Let us go back and inquire into another phase of the condition of Hamlet's mind at the time he originally enters this scene. Let us determine his interest at this time in, and the necessities of, the success of the experiment with the king in the court play to be given the evening of this day. The day before he has engaged the players. Hamlet has heard,

' That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.'

So he concludes that he will have the players

' Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench
I know my course.'

And then he questions, as he questions with Horatio, the reality of his experience with the spirit of his father. He subjects the influence of the ghost to a rigid test in his mind. It has affected him deeply, but he is determined to 'have' grounds more relative than this 'unverified testimony of a departed spirit.' His prophetic soul tells him his uncle is guilty. The play's the thing wherein he'll catch his conscience if he is guilty. But there is a good deal to be considered in order to make such an experiment successful. The play must not only be rendered with force and fidelity, but the king's state of mind and nerves must be weakened, his fears must be put on edge, his soul must be filled with doubt and dread, a horror of the 'something after death' must be quickened and aroused in him.

So Hamlet not only writes a 'dozen or sixteen lines' to be inserted into the play, he not only pronounces these lines 'trippingly on the tongue' for the instruction and inspiration of the players, he not only gives them earnest and exquisite advice on the general 'purpose of playing,' of the principles to observe and the practices to guard against, but it would be illogical to say that this experiment, this problem with all that it involves, was not his dominating thought, his entralling interest, his all-absorbing mental occupation, when he entered the presence of Ophelia, paid no attention to her effort to attract his notice, and feeling in an inexpressible degree that indefinable something that orators call presence, began in a low, measured, penetrating, distracting tone, that celebrated speech of 'To be, or not to be.' It would be illogical, in the sensitive and important connection of this scene with the scene that followed that evening and the scene of the day before, to say that Hamlet was depressed and that the speech expresses his own soul-sickness which he endures only because he prefers the ills of this world to 'the something after death.' It is illogical to say that he was grunting and sweating 'under a weary life' when it is apparent that the day before he thoroughly enjoyed his easy superiority over his schoolmates, and the evening of the very day of this alleged plaint, he thoroughly enjoys his vindicated hold on the fears of the king. Why, he can hardly contain himself, so amused is he at the overwhelming discomfiture of the king. He orders music, to calm his jubilant spirits.

It is logical to say that he was not only interested, curious, anxious to live, at the time he enters the presence of Ophelia, because the trap he is

preparing in the trap prepared for him, is fascinating in its possible effectiveness of capturing the victim, but he considered that in order to make this possible effectiveness more promising, he must not himself betray any weakness with the king, he must do everything he naturally and easily could to increase the king's doubt and dread of him. Studied in this light, the speech of 'To be, or not to be' suggests to the student that Hamlet at this time was not only not thinking of himself, that he was not only possessed of a masked alertness for spies, that he was not only keeping his thoughts engaged with the weaknesses and intentions of the king, but the speech itself suggests not only how contradictory it is of Hamlet's condition of spirit and mind at this time, but how perfectly it expresses that which the king tries to still in his own mind, a plain, philosophical, penetrating suggestion of the *mystery* of 'the something after death' balanced against 'the oppressor's wrong,' 'the law's delay,' 'the insolence of office,' 'the proud man's contumely,'— suggestions that come from the lips of the son of the man that the king murdered, from the lips of him upon whom the king is spying because he is inclined to think that Hamlet knows more and means more than he pretends. Is it any wonder that these subtle shafts upset the king? Is it any wonder that the king became absorbed with his own fears?

In the mind of the great poet Hamlet is more than a match for the king. Hamlet not only considers himself so, but at every step throughout the play he shows himself to be so. Every trap that the king sets for Hamlet Hamlet transforms into a plague of the king until the king finally exclaims, 'Like the hectic in my blood he rages.' This being true, to consider the speech in controversy as a soliloquy not only reveals a soul sick of the world, a mind devoid of interest in human affairs, nauseated with everybody and everything, without ambition or purpose, harmless, but it reveals such a soul revealing such a condition to an enemy that has regarded this soul as possessed of a knowledge and a purpose that threatened this enemy's welfare. Consider the speech as intended for the ears of this enemy, and you see the enemy being directly addressed without appearing to be addressed, directly because of the unerring pointedness of some of the remarks, made more pointed and piercing by the penetrating and peculiar tone and inflection with which some suggestions of the speech are released. It is as if Hamlet was talking directly to the king through the muffled and misunderstanding mind of Polonius and Ophelia.

If the poet had intended the speech as a soliloquy, he could easily have arranged it so that this superior mind could have given vent to the baring of his soul, *alone*, instead of in the presence of his deadly enemy, at a time when Hamlet is intent upon weakening the nerves of his enemy by fanning his doubts and dreads into flame.

Whether the mental tension is better sustained, considering the speech as a soliloquy, or better sustained as a speech that Hamlet meant for the king's ears, and that the king so understood his meaning, certain it is that the effect of the speech or the effect of what he said to Ophelia, or both, was upheaving with the king. When Hamlet enters, see the king's nerves in a poor state: They are easily upset. A little remark from 'the great baby,' Polonius, causes the king a start, 'How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience.' He is fast tending toward that condition when he makes vain and desperate efforts to lighten his 'heavy burthen' in an appeal on bended knees to 'the sweet heavens,' only to find that there is not rain enough there to wash his 'cursed hand.' At the close of the scene in controversy, the burthen is heavier, the nerves are weaker, the dread of Hamlet more intense. His fears have taken complete possession of him. It is an interesting contemplation,— the speculative emotions and mental images in the soul of the king as he listens and watches each word and move of Hamlet from the time he enters with the 'soliloquy' in his soul till he flings his last word at Ophelia. We know his interest. We know Hamlet's interest. We know they are playing a masked game with each other, and that while the king is crafty and cunning, he is also suspicious and superstitious, and Hamlet knows the nature of the king, but he keeps the king in ignorance of his knowledge, its source, his purposes, at the same time keeping the king's suspicions and fears aroused. In no other scene in the entire play is there such a necessity for this idea of the natures and relative attitudes of the king and Hamlet, to be maintained, as in the scene under consideration. The success of this exciting doubt and dread is necessary to the success of the delicate, psychological trap in the court play to be given before the king that evening. The student fully to appreciate the force and meaning of the 'soliloquy,' must keep in mind the presence of the king, his interest, thoughts, emotions, and the interest that Hamlet has in the king and in a stong budding purpose in his own life that he expects to burst into full bloom that evening if no blasting environment interferes. So, when the king, seemingly unconscious of the presence of Polonius, exclaims that Hamlet is not affected neither by love nor madness, contradicting in both respects what Ophelia has just said, and contradicting what the king would have known in a calm mood that Polonius would say and did say, the student cannot ignore the fact that the effect of the 'soliloquy' must be taken into consideration as well as the talk with Ophelia as being apparent in this speech of the king's. As a soliloquy, the speech reveals Hamlet as harmless, and, more important still, subject to the traps of the king. And yet the king, in his panic, decides that there is something in

Hamlet's soul o'er which his melancholy sits on brood, the hatch and disclose of which means danger, and so in quick determination he sets it down that this dangerous but rational man must speed to England, *for the collection of their neglected tribute*. Did the king think of the necessity of an excuse prior to the relief, the decision to make a quick disposition of Hamlet, afforded him? And then, and not until then, he is reminded of the presence of Polonius, defers to him, accepts his suggestion. And that evening Hamlet tells his mother of the voyage to England. How did he learn of it? Did he play eavesdropper to the eavesdroppers? Was he not afraid she would tell the king that he knew of the contemplated 'embassy,' but that he mistrusted its object?

Space forbids us dwelling upon Hamlet's attitude towards 'the something after death,' as suggested in the two soliloquies in the First Act, before and after the murder of his father disturbed his mind; the risk he took in the voyage to England, the deliberate plans he made to be overtaken in that voyage, the risk he took in his deliberate return to Denmark instead of enlisting the help of Norway with the legal proof he had of the king's design on his life, his attitude towards 'the something after death' as suggested by his expressions preceding the scene with the ghost in the First Act and preceding the duel in the Fifth Act, the contradiction of the 'soliloquy' in the ghost as a traveler returned from the bourne of 'the undiscover'd country'; the moral courage that contradicts conscience making a coward of Hamlet as suggested by the scene with the ghost, the court play before the king, his conduct after killing Polonius and after consigning his schoolmates to the fate of the employment to which they did make love, his apology to Laertes to avoid the necessity of a duel, his saving the life of Horatio after he himself is in the throes of death, his naming the son of the man his father killed as the successor to the throne of Denmark. Sufficient it is for present purposes that we have suggested enough to unsettle the idea of the speech considered as a soliloquy, that we have suggested enough to invite serious inquiry whether it is either rational or dramatic as a soliloquy and whether, on the other hand, it is not only rational but intensely dramatic, considered as a speech intended to cast the king still further ashore on 'a sea of troubles.'

THE NEW STAR

BY REINHOLD FUCHS

Translated in the Original Meter by Max Batt

A ROUND a sun that hundredfold outshines
Our own, and yet to the terrestrial eye
Appears but as a faint, dim point of light,
Revolves in farthest space a planet fair,
A star, with mountains towering into heaven,
With ocean's blue, with wide gigantic rivers
And cities proud, that in the waves of oceans
And rivers are with splendor new reflected.
And in the cities, in the fields there stir,
Well-nigh innumerable, a race of creatures,
Like unto ours, but fairer, larger far
In form and face and intellectual power.
They strive, enjoy, rejoice, despair; they dream
Of future happiness, eternal fame.
They walk in confidence upon the soil
From which they sprang, which gives them sustenance,
Which bears their huts and all their palaces.

Then comes a day when bloody red there breaks
Through livid clouds the light from heaven above,
Alarming sultriness, oppressing heart
And mind, sinks down upon all living things.
And now? What hollow rumbling, big with ruin,
Reverberates the quiet? See, the ground
Is quaking, walls are trembling, bursting, falling,
And mountain summits reeling into valleys.
As ague shakes the fever patient, so
There twitches through the planet's giant body
Convulsion; suddenly the ground opes up
At hundred points at once; arises boiling
The surging, heaving mass of molten rock,
Of ore white glowing, sulphur fume enwrapped
With scorching blaze both field and wood and meadow

Deep burying, and oceans turning steam,
Consuming huts and gorgeous royal castles,
Proud marble halls and lofty temples, too,
With all the crowns and scepters, priests, and altars.

The works of thinkers and of artists all
The selfsame hour in ashes are dissolved,
And not a trace of their existence bides—
In universal space unheard resounds
The dying shriek of thousand million beings,
And — silently a desolate fire ball rolls
Bright glowing through the chilly heavenly waste,
Till slowly it congeals and turns black dross.
— Three years pass by; upon the earth there sits
In quiet watch-tower an astronomer,
With powerful tube surveying the horizon.
Then sudden, like a flitting flash of joy,
His serious face convulsed with motion seems,
And long, with straining eye, he gazes there
Upon one point. Then takes the pencil he
And calmly writes this telegram: ‘Just now
Discovered was through telescope by me
In constellation of Andromeda
A new star, glowing dim, twelfth magnitude.’



4

